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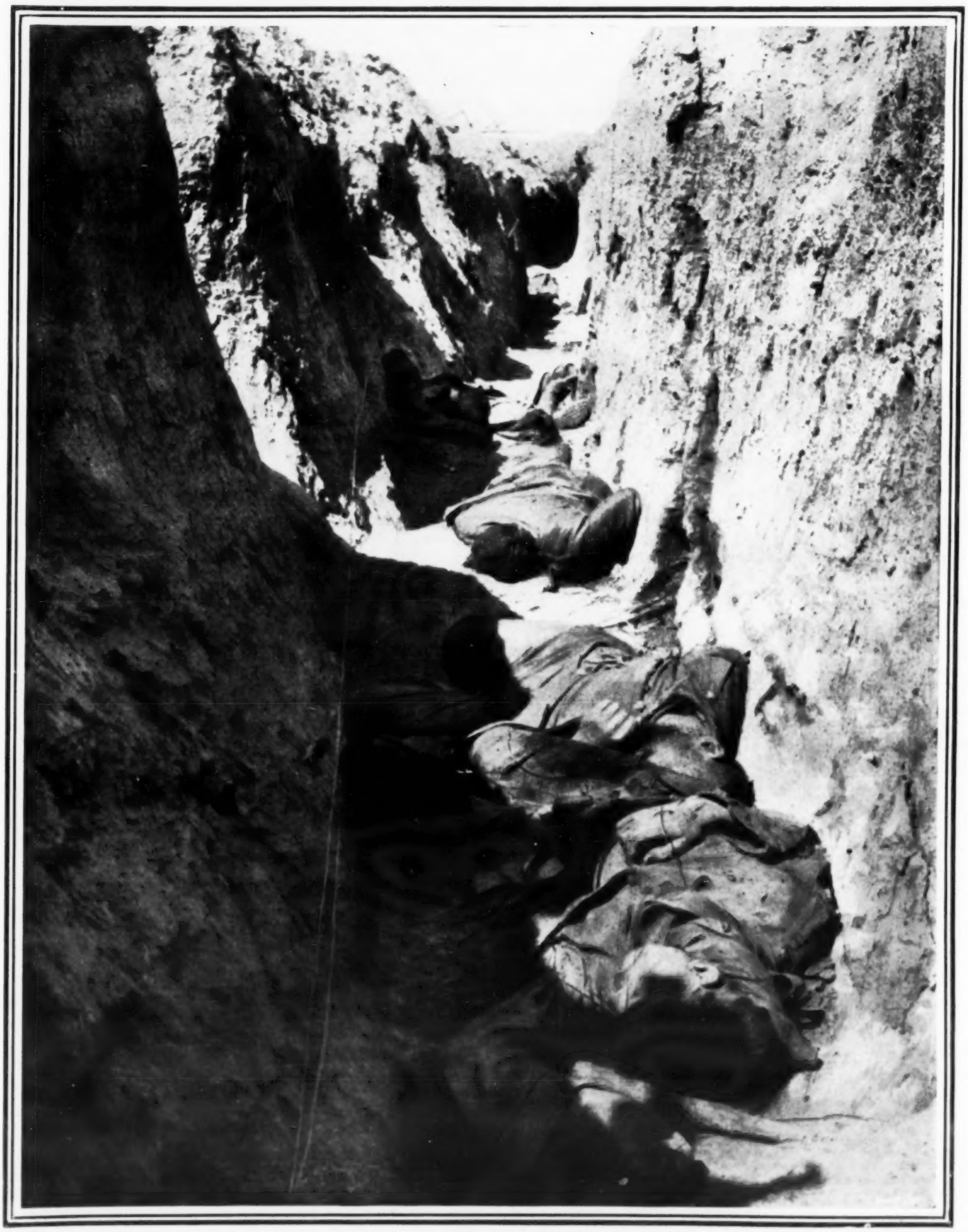

THE CAPTURED TRENCH: IN THE GERMAN LINES AFTER A FRENCH VICTORY.

SCIENCE FOR LEISURE MOMENTS.

As an exponent of current scientific knowledge in terms understanded of the people, no man since Huxley has displayed the versatility or lucidity of Sir Ray Lankester. His memorable articles in the *Daily Telegraph*—temporarily, we regret to say, suspended—were always eagerly read. When a selection therefrom appeared in book form, they were read again with renewed interest. The announcement, therefore, that he has just issued a third volume will be welcome indeed; especially by those who, in these anxious and strenuous times, occasionally desire some little relaxation and relief from the contemplation of the stern realities of war.

The present volume, "The Diversions of a Naturalist" (Methuen and Co.), is in every way worthy of its illustrious predecessors. Something should be found in this volume to suit every mood, for its essays range from Pine-trees to Palmistry, from Animalcule to the Evolution of Man. But where all are so good it is difficult to select any for special mention. As a measure of the standards of probability which sufficed our forefathers, the chapters on the Barnacle and the Goose may well be cited. Though most people, probably, are familiar with the main facts in regard to the supposed derivation of the Barnacle Goose from the Barnacle, the details of this grotesque association are by no means so well known. But they are admirably set out in these pages. The author, however, is wrong in his apparent supposition that the Black, or "Brent-goose," is the bird associated with this story. This is not so. The true Barnacle Goose is a larger bird, with a back of French grey, barred with black. This much, indeed, seems to be indicated in the case of some geese painted on an early Mykenæan pot, though these markings are taken by Sir Ray Lankester to indicate the several valves of the shell of the Barnacle. Probably such markings were meant to be reminiscent of the more striking peculiarities of the bird, on the one hand, and the shell on the other.

But, in spite of the tremendous advances which we have made in regard to our knowledge of natural phenomena, the spirit of superstition, based, as usual, on ignorance, yet survives among us. Hence the final chapters of this book are, indeed, to be welcomed, since they should do much towards demolishing the last vestiges of these rude, and often mischievous, relics of Mediævalism. The chapters more particularly referred to are those concerned with "Science and the Unknown," "Divination and Palmistry," "Birth Marks and Telegony," and the "Mind of Man." The lighter side of this volume is to be found in the earlier chapters. Those descriptive of the sea-shore are delightful; nothing quite like them has ever been written before. They recall Kingsley's "Glaucus," but glorified. It is to be doubted whether any other writer could have expounded such profound knowledge in such delightful fashion.

Since illustrations are now regarded as an essential in books of this kind, it may be well to mention that this volume contains forty-three text figures, and one coloured plate, which serves as a frontispiece. It is not a bulky volume, and we therefore can conceive of no more acceptable addition to the libraries now being formed for the benefit of those "broke in our wars," or, indeed, for those now fighting our battles at the front. As a gateway of relief to those engaged in the nervous work of trench-warfare, it would prove acceptable indeed. W. P. P.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

"The Freelands." The special pleading of Mr. John Galsworthy has the Galsworthy charm, an atmosphere that obscures the clear vision with which a critic would wish to approach a subject as vexed as the chief motive in "The Freelands" (Heinemann). It may seem almost whimsical to link together Mr. Galsworthy and Mrs. Humphry Ward; but the fact remains that Mrs. Ward has long since propounded the riddle of the rural labourer to her readers, and answered it herself with quite as much earnestness and partiality as the younger novelist. She, at any rate, never dallied in a bypath, as we think Mr. Galsworthy dallies when he steps aside to Joyfields. You knew where you were with Mrs. Ward. In "The Freelands" there is a divided interest between the clever portraiture of all sorts and conditions of Freelands—the novelist, the Government official, the man of property, the child of nature—and this serious business of peasants at issue with the owners of the land. Better in the long run, one concludes, to give up wrestling with the rural housing problem, and incline to an untrammelled appreciation of the distinction that touches all that Mr. Galsworthy writes, of the extraordinary cleverness of his portrait studies, and of his knowledge of the subtle springs of action in men and women.

"Salute to Adventurers." The school of Scottish romance prefers, as a rule, its native soil, and we are grateful to Mr. John Buchan for plucking Garvald early from the heather and the peat bogs, and launching him into high adventure in Virginia. He has chosen one of the least familiar fields of the fortune-seeking Scot, too, which imparts an additional novelty to his story. Some day the novelists will realise what a gold-mine lies to their hands in the Highland cadets who were factors in India, sheep-farmers in New Zealand, pioneers in Western Canada, and whose families keep their records in the gray, storm-beaten northern houses; but that time is not yet. "Salute to Adventurers" (Nelson) is a careful study of a phase in the making of Empire. Blunders enough and to spare went to the moulding, as they went to the alienating, of the ancient American colony. Mr. Buchan, being a good Scot, will have us understand that it was the clumsy and dishonest English temper that caused the troubles of his canny trader. A historical romance naturally carries with it the wilful maiden for whose sake a golden youth braves all the perils of his time. In Andrew Garvald's case there were Indians and pirates to be encountered; and perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that he emerged from their devilries in triumph, to be consoled for his hardships by the hand of the fair lady.

ARNOLD BENNETT ON SCENES OF WAR.

Owing to circumstances over which we have no control, we regret to say that we are unable to continue our series of articles, by Mr. Arnold Bennett, on Scenes of War.

THE WHITE COMRADE

"Lo, I am with you alway."

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NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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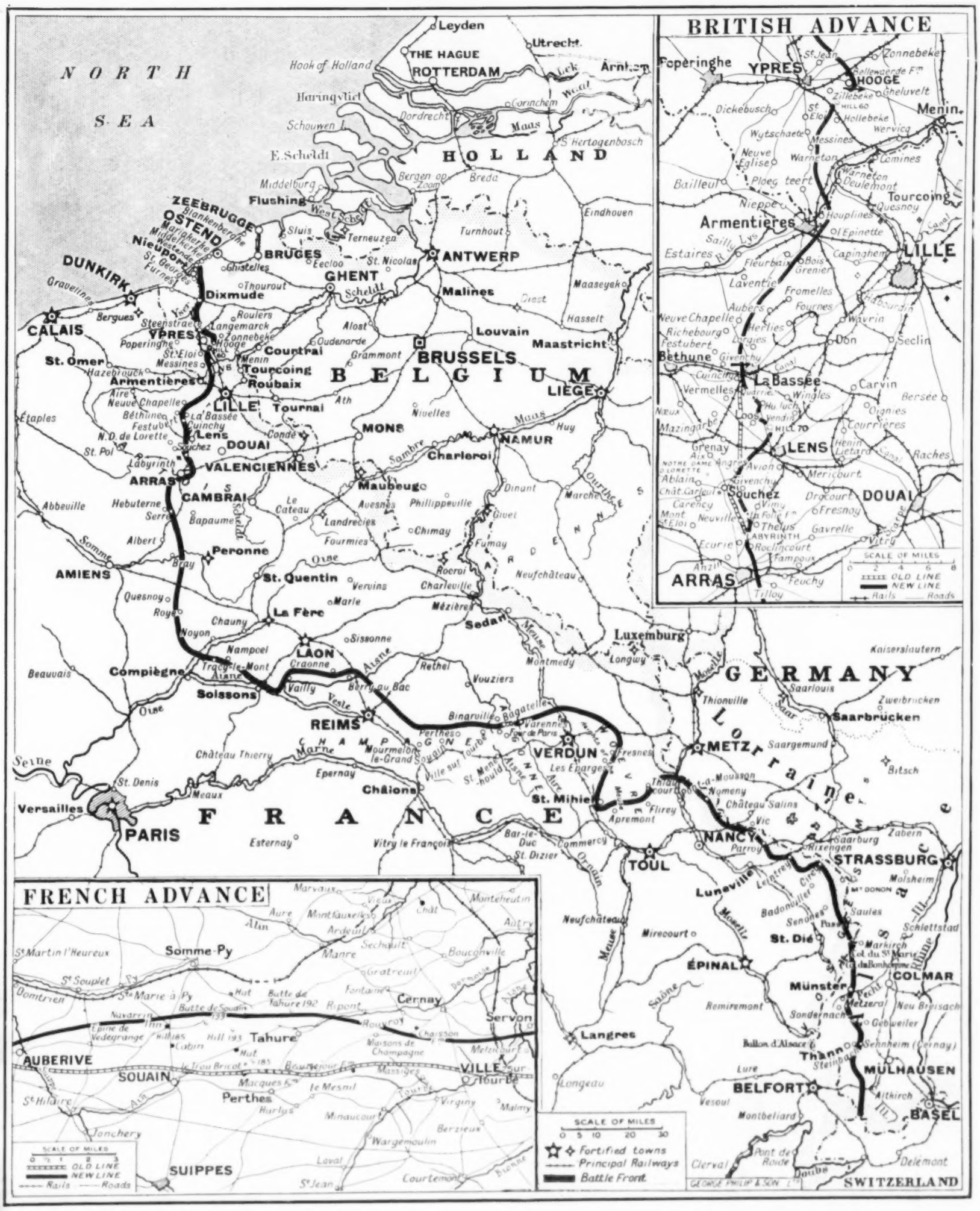
LITERATURE.

Embattled Germany. "If America is to-day, in this world crisis, the court of last instance, it is judging honestly on the facts and the facts alone." So writes Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in his "Germany Embattled: An American Interpretation" (Sampson Low)—one of the best things of the kind from the Transatlantic point of view yet presented to the European, and more especially to the British, public. In judging of European men and things, Americans enjoy an advantage not always possessed by English writers—the advantage of a mental detachment corresponding to their geographical distance from the objects of their study. Their judgment is not warped by the prejudices and prepossessions which must inevitably to some extent colour the views of participators in the tremendous conflict now going on. It was an American author, the late Mr. Price Collier, who gave us what is, perhaps, the sanest and fairest character-sketch of the Kaiser. By all our military writers it is now agreed that the best account of the Waterloo campaign is that by Mr. Ropes, who, curiously enough, is a New York solicitor. Similarly the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 found its best and almost only historian in an American officer, Lieutenant Greene. Mr. Villard now comes forward as the fairest and squarest exponent of American opinion about the war into which Germany, and more particularly the Kaiser, wickedly plunged the world; and that opinion, on the whole, is dead against the modern Huns and their barbaric leader, though otherwise his portrait of William II. is a very flattering one. "Americans, on the whole," he says—and the anecdote is new to us—"have been rather disposed to patronise the Kaiser. Thus, one of our captains of industry assured the head of the Hohenzollerns that he would go well in tandem with Theodore Roosevelt. When the Kaiser quickly asked, 'Which would be the wheel-horse?' the magnate was trapped, and at a loss to answer." Mr. Villard, like a good American replete with the leaven of republican sentiment, has no doubt whatever as to the origin of the war, which might and would have been avoided had Germany not been living under the will and control of one man. "It all comes back to the fact," he says, "that in our present political development an unchecked monarchy is a far greater danger to the peace of the world than is a democracy." There are two Germanys, just as there were also a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde forming a sort of double-faced Janus figure. One is the Germany of the Junkers, the other of the intellectuals; and it is the latter who would be submerged by German victory, which "would spell the strengthening of absolutism everywhere and of its bond-servant militarism. It would mean the subordination of the nobler Germany to the reactionary. It would mean not a Germany to be loved and honoured of all thinking men, but a Germany to be feared and dreaded, with all liberal tendencies crushed within her." And as for the freedom of the seas about which the Germans on both sides of the Atlantic are raising such a tremendous outcry, what says our literary member of America's international "court of last instance"? "The writer holds no brief whatever for the British Navy, but no one can point to any injury done to Germany's sea-trade since the foundation of the Empire by reason of the preponderance of British war-ships. In the face of it the German merchant fleet has grown year by year with amazing celerity, etc." But the trouble with these dreamy and illogical Germans is that they expect to enjoy the same freedom of the seas in time of war as of peace—which is absurd.

A Woman's Experiences in the Great War. The literature of the war, as distinct from current gossip, rumour, and censored "news," is already mounting up. Naturally, the lighter reminiscences come first—lighter, that is, in the sense that they record just personal impressions, and are not weighted with politics or argument. Naturally, too, the first books on the war deal with its earlier stages, as does "A Woman's Experiences in the Great War," by Louise Mack (Fisher Unwin). The writer, who in private life is Mrs. Creed, is a widely travelled Australian, and author of "An Australian Girl in London" and some fiction. It has been remarked, almost reproachfully, of her new work that it does not carry the reader much beyond the fall of Antwerp, and ought presumably, according to journalistic ideas, to have appeared at least by the end of last October. A curious criticism this, for we shall doubtless be reading about the fall of Antwerp, and also about the fall of Liège, any time during the next half-century. The advantage of reading about such events a considerable time after they have occurred is that the author is not hampered by censorship restrictions. Not that Mrs. Creed's story is one that would have given away many military secrets. It is just an animated account of her own adventures, which were often attended by more than a spice of danger, and reveal her as a courageous, enterprising woman of keen insight and warm-hearted sympathies. She takes us first to Ostend, Antwerp, and ruined Aerschot. From Antwerp she went with a Belgian party to Brussels, then in the enemy's hands, braving and successfully eluding German inquisitiveness. From Brussels she visited Louvain. Later, she escaped from Brussels and returned to Antwerp, where she went all through the bombardment and remained to see the German entry—an experience shared by few, if any, of her compatriots. Then she sought shelter in Holland, where the kindness of the Dutch to the Belgian refugees greatly impressed her. Next we find her at Furnes and Dunkirk, where she dined with "the Jupiter of journalists," her pen-portrait of whom, though he is unnamed, will doubtless be recognised. And so back to England and Victoria Station. The interest of the book lies in its terse, vivacious account of incidents, people, and conversations. There is not a dull page throughout. In short chapters, short paragraphs, and short sentences, the author sketches swiftly the essentials of a scene, and the reader, having no time to be bored, is carried quickly on to another. Would that all impression-writers were so free from prosy detail! The eleven illustrations are not very exciting. They include a portrait of the author and reproductions of her various passports.

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH VICTORIES: GAINS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

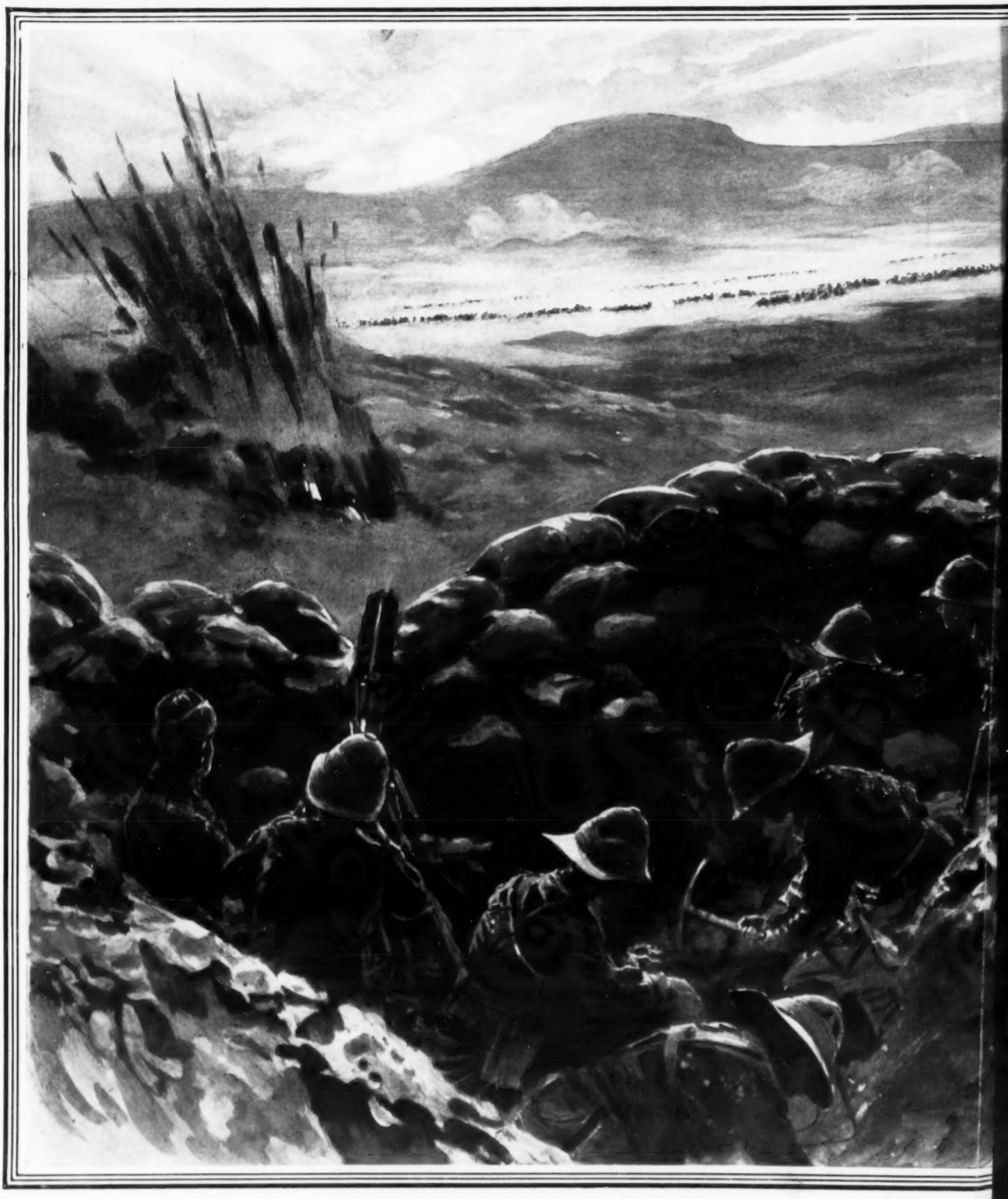


THE FRANCO-BRITISH OFFENSIVE SHOWN ON THE MAP: THE GENERAL WESTERN FRONT FROM NIEUPORT TO BELFORT, AND THE LOCALITIES OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH ADVANCES.

Sir John French, announcing the British advance, notified the following gains up to September 28: Enemy trenches captured on a front of over five miles, our troops penetrating the German lines in places to a distance of 4000 yards, the area including the western outskirts of Hulluch, the village of Loos, with the mining works round, and Hill 70. Added Sir John French: "Our offensive is progressing." The captures include 53 officers and 2800 men, 18 guns (23 according to the latest French account), and 32 machine-guns with "a considerable quantity of material." The French official account to the same date notified: North of Arras Souchez captured and positions beyond held; over 1500 prisoners taken. In Champagne the "powerful network" of the German First Line defences captured up to the Second Line, a front of twenty miles penetrated to a depth in places of four kilometres, or 2½ miles. Captures include 300 officers, over 16,000 "unwounded" prisoners, over 50 field and heavy guns, and a large quantity of war material.

WHERE THE BRITISH LINES ARE NEAREST CONSTANTINOPLE:

Drawn by S. Begg, from Material Supplied

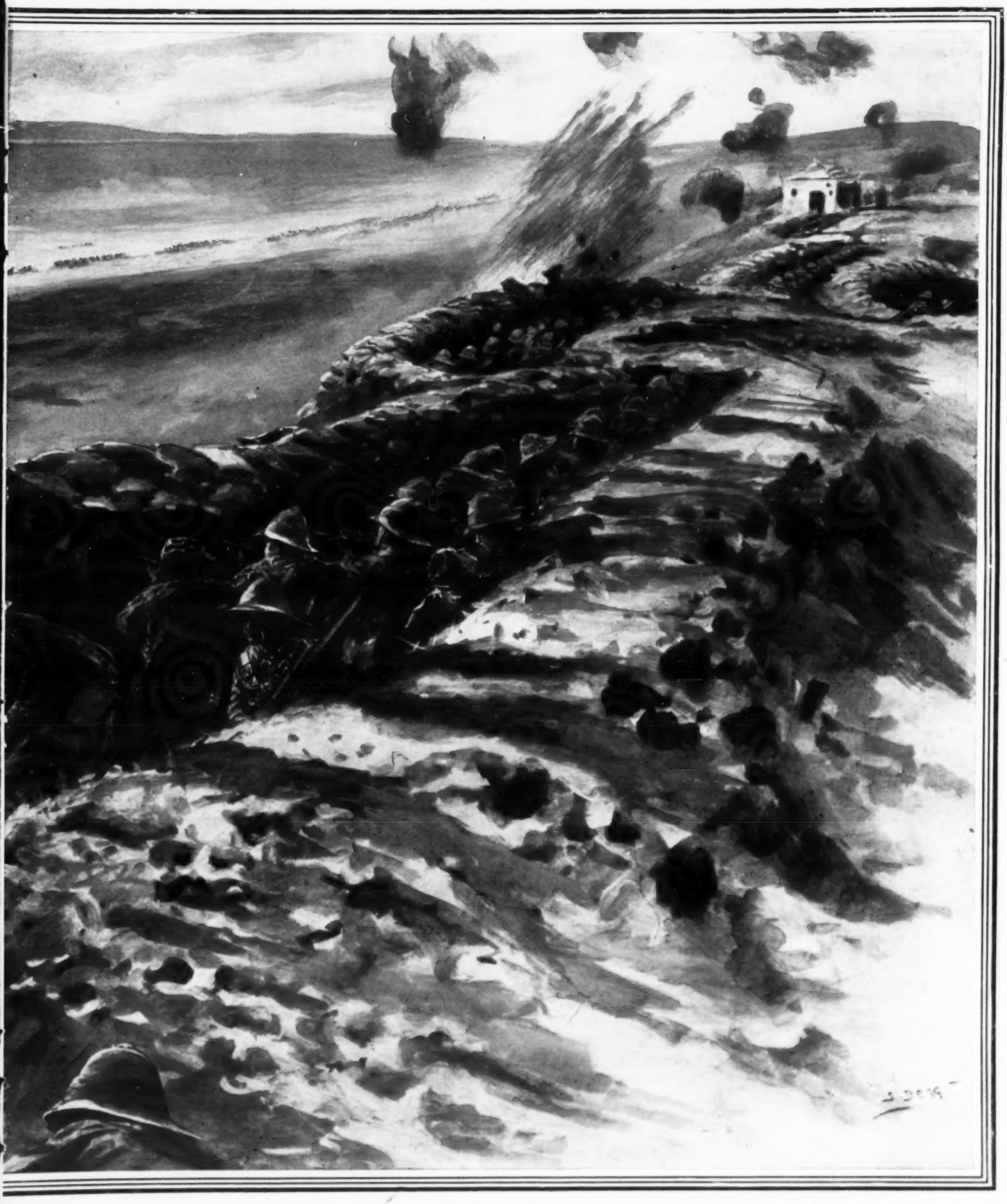


"THE MASSES OF TURKS RUSHED FORWARD THROUGH THE MORNING MIST": BRITISH

The action here illustrated took place on the British front line (near Suvla Bay) nearest to Constantinople and facing the Turkish railway running along the heights. On the hills above the Anafarta plain inland from Suvla Bay the fighting goes on with unabated vigour, the British holding on like grim death to the positions they have captured, and the Turks doing all they know to regain their lost ground and drive the British into the sea. On the slope of Chocolate Hill the captured Turkish trenches are especially singled out for attack by the enemy, and every dawn brings a hail of shrapnel or masses of assaulting troops. The drawing shows Yeomanry (fighting as infantry) and some other troops holding the captured Turkish trenches on the far slopes of Chocolate Hill against a particularly severe daybreak attack after the usual prelude of shell and rifle fire. The masses of Turks rushed forward through the morning mist against the sand-bagged, wavy trench, which was once theirs but had been wrested from them by its present defenders. Shells from the war-ships at once fell among them, and in front Maxims and rifle-fire mowed them down and beat them back. Those that were left regained their trenches as best they could under fire from both friend and foe. The original capture of

REPULSING A TURKISH ATTACK UPON CHOCOLATE HILL.

BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.

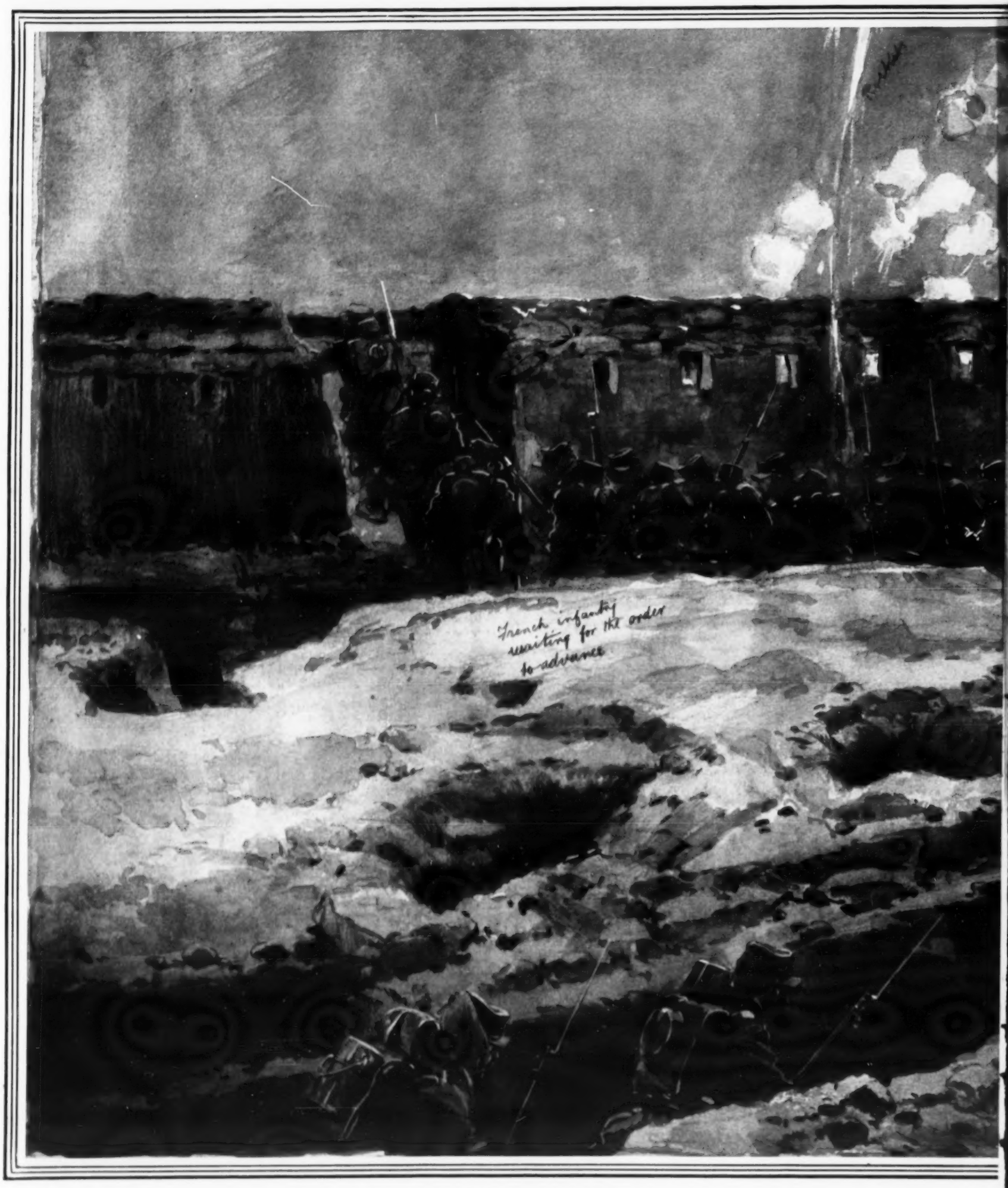


TROOPS HOLDING YILGHIN BURNU, NICKNAMED CHOCOLATE HILL FROM ITS BURNT COLOUR.

Chocolate Hill after the landing at Suvla Bay was described by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett as follows: "By a brilliant night-attack the hill of Yilghin Burnu, due east of the Salt Lake, was occupied, which gave us a commanding position on which our right wing could rest. During the night of August 8-9 our left, therefore, rested on the cliff overlooking the Gulf of Saros, our centre in the low ground in front of Anafarta, and our right on Yilghin Burnu, or Chocolate Hill, as it is now known on account of the surface having been burnt that colour by accidental fires caused by bursting shells. . . . These fires effectively put a stop to our advance on the 9th. . . . On August 11 the men who had advanced across the low plain from the hill of Yilghin Burnu linked up with the Australians and thus established a complete line between Anzac and the newly landed forces in Anafarta (Suvla) Bay." The heroic charge of the Yeomanry at Burnt Hill was illustrated in our issue of September 25. Their gallantry at Chocolate Hill was described recently in a letter from an officer. "It was most gratifying," he wrote, "to know how splendidly they behaved. We dug ourselves in at Chocolate Hill, where we were shelled and sniped hourly almost."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada].*

ON THE EVE OF A GREAT ATTACK: FRENCH TROOPS

DRAWN BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL

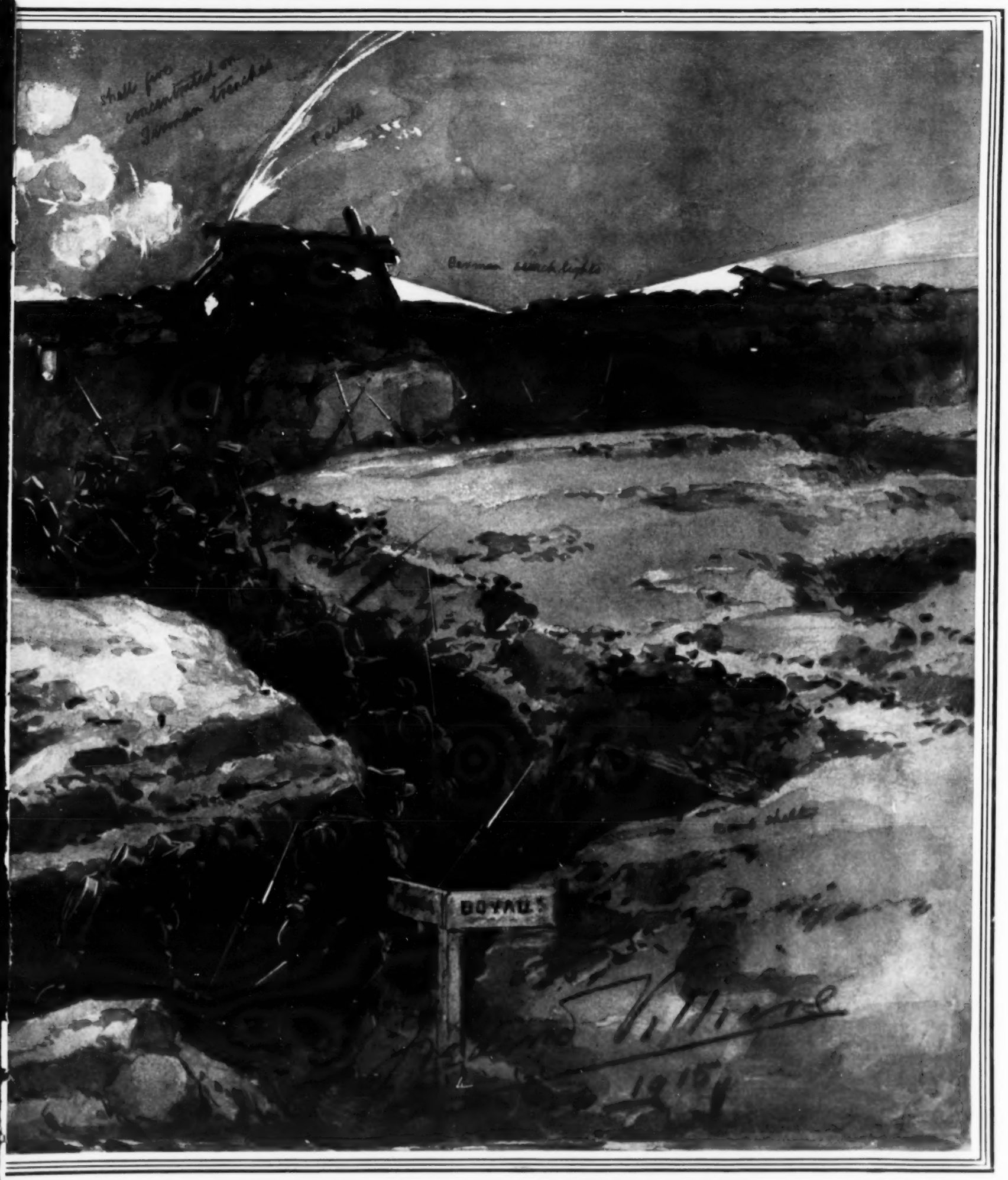


BEFORE THE ASSAULT OPENS: THE SOLDIERS TO LEAD IN STORMING THE GERMAN LINES THE ARTILLERY IN REAR FINISHES ITS WORK OF SHAKING

In this illustration of French trenches just before the signal was given for an attack on the enemy's lines, we see very much what was taking place in the trenches both with our own troops, near La Bassée, and with our Allies, at Souchez and in Champagne, a short while before the successful advance of September 25 opened. In the background are seen the German lines about to be assailed, with shells bursting over them, near the point of immediate attack, exactly as the tremendous bombardment of the previous weeks in September finished its part and rang up the curtain on the final act. For some hours beforehand there would be in progress a steady moving forward and closing up all along the line of fire-trenches, as the troops intended to make the first onset concentrate. The men would make their way by the communication-trenches and forward from the supporting trenches and elsewhere in rear, working stealthily along

MASSING IN THE FIRE-TRENCHES FOR THE ADVANCE.

Artist in the Western Theatre of War.



STEALING FORWARD ALONG THE COMMUNICATION-TRENCHES TO THEIR POSTS, WHILE THE ENEMY'S NERVE AND CLEARING AWAY OBSTACLES.

the narrow passage-ways and zig-zags, as seen, to mass in serried ranks along the fire-trenches at the nearest cover from the enemy, whence, as the best available jumping-off place, on signal given, the tiger-spring would be made. Then, in dense swarms, the assailants clamber over the parapet or rush forward through prepared gaps and openings in the fire-trench line, to charge for the selected part of the enemy's line opposite, where the bombardment cannot have failed to have levelled the enemy's parapets, blocked up his trenches, and swept away and destroyed his wire entanglements and other outlying barrier-obstacles. In rear, meanwhile, crammed as close on the heels of the first line of assailants as possible, supporting troops and reinforcements would now be pressed forward rapidly to make good and maintain the footing gained and beat back the enemy's counter-attacks.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE *TERRAIN* OF THE FRENCH VICTORIES: IN ARTOIS AND CHAMPAGNE.

IN ARTOIS: GROUND CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE GREAT OFFENSIVE IN CHAMPAGNE—SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE VILLAGE OF SOUCHEZ AND (TO THE RIGHT) THE WOODS SURROUNDING THE CHATEAU OF CARLEUL.

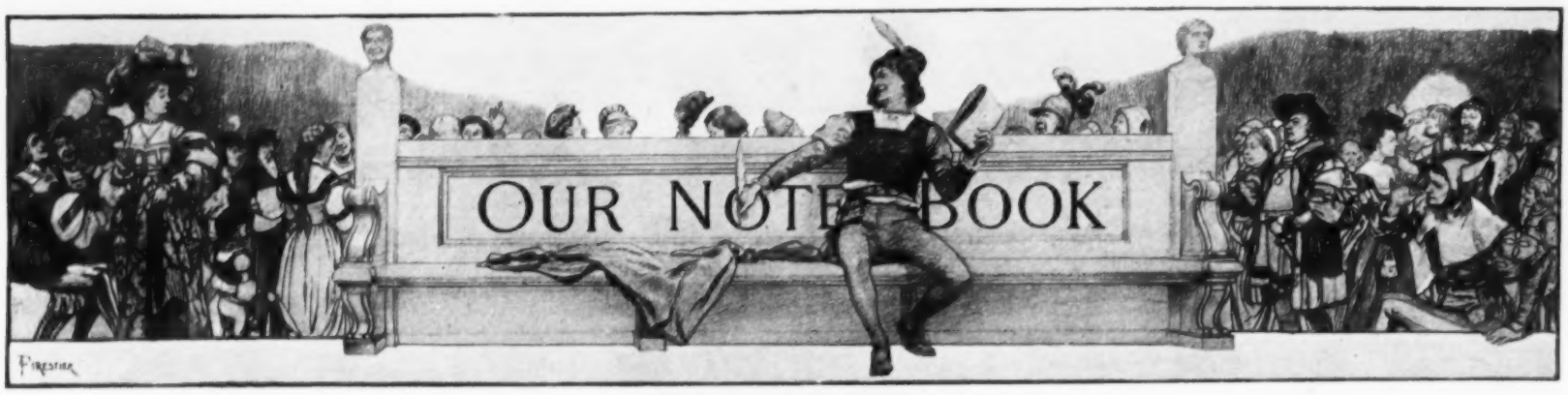
IN CHAMPAGNE: A TYPICAL PART OF THE BARREN GROUND ON WHICH THE FRENCH MADE THEIR VICTORIOUS ADVANCE—THE CORNER OF A LITTLE WOOD NEAR LES HURLUS, AFTER A BATTLE.

In the first Paris *communiqué*, of September 26, announcing the great French victory in Champagne, it was also stated: "In Artois we have maintained during the night the positions which were won yesterday, including the Château of Carleul (on the western outskirts of Souchez), the cemetery of Souchez, and the last trenches which the enemy was still holding to the east of the fortified position known as 'the Labyrinth.'" A later French *communiqué* said: "Our attack to the north of Arras has resulted in fresh progress being made. We have occupied by main force the whole of the village of Souchez and have advanced eastwards in the direction of Givenchy." In Champagne the French position before the recent advance lay, roughly, a little north of a road that winds across a barren district from Souain through Perthes-les-Hurlus, Mesnil-les-Hurlus, and Beausejour, to Ville-sur-Tourbe. This *terrain*, which witnessed fierce fighting also in the spring, presents a contrast to that of the thickly populated and built-over district north of Arras. It is a desolate country of undulating chalk hills, with few roads, and hardly a village of over four hundred inhabitants. Fir-woods that were planted in order to make some use of barren land have suffered much from the blight of war, and present a forlorn appearance, the trees being stripped and shattered by shell-fire.

THE PIGEON-EXPRESS: WINGED MESSENGERS OF WAR.

WITH CONVERTED MOTOR-BUS AS COTE: CARRIER PIGEONS ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE FRENCH ARMY.

Carrier pigeons are mobilised as winged messengers by practically all armies, and have proved their value time after time. The French, for example, use them frequently; and here we see how some of them are housed in the field in, or rather on top of, a converted motor-bus. As to their employment by this country, it is interesting to recall that in the earlier stages of the war the Home Office prohibited the liberation of pigeons from their lofts: this, no doubt, to prevent their use by spies. More recently there has been a warning of a different kind: this time, against shooting carrier, or homing, pigeons, as they "are being used for certain purposes in connection with his Majesty's service."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Dumba affair in America proves little that is new about the Germanies. It is only another example of that extravagant loss of dignity which always dogs the special assumption of it. Laughter is the instinct which guards human dignity; and the barbarians exhibit a lack of laughter almost like that of the beasts that perish. They showed the same lack when they lashed themselves into a moral lunacy against the populace of Belgium, though in that case the immorality has rather hidden from us the full effect of the indignity. Even those who could persuade themselves that the Germans were right could not bring themselves to say that the Belgians were wrong. Even by their own account, Belgium was not an enemy, but a door. And it does not become a great duellist, calling on his old enemy, to fly into a passion with the front door—or even the back door. Or it was like a man indignantly entering a room—and the next moment cursing and dusting himself as he picks himself up after falling over a doormat or a footstool. There might be some human dignity in his case against the householder; but none in his case against the hassock. There is the same unconscious ugliness and awkwardness in the Teutonic furtiveness as in the Teutonic fury. And this old moral is the only moral to be drawn from the case of Dr. Dumba and his patrons. It was his nature and *raison d'être* to act as an Austrian diplomatist, perhaps as an unscrupulous diplomatist; but he did not act as a diplomatist at all, but as something between an advertisement manager and an unusually low spy. I am no admirer of the gigantic Freak Dinner of Judæo-American finance. I can easily imagine an effective denunciation of it, spoken as if with the voices of strikers or revolutionists; I can easily imagine myself, in some particular case, sympathising even with the Black Hand. But the difference in this case is like the difference between a hand writing the words of judgment at Belshazzar's feast and a hand prigging dainties out of the dishes before Belshazzar's servants bring them to the table. The revolutionists really stooped in having to do with this diplomatist.

But whatever it may prove about Germans or Austrians, there is a great deal that is really interesting in what it proves about Americans. The ruthless and reckless ripping up of the whole diplomatic scandal before the people is a part of certain truths which we ought to ponder more than we do. One is the fact that America is really a democracy, in a sense in which we are not a democracy; and that it has the advantages as well as the disadvantages of that type of State. One advantage is that there is seldom or never what was called in the title of a novel "a dead secret." America has many faults, but it has the virtue of sensationalism. For it is only the trial or execution of a murderer than can be sensational. The murder itself is always a very delicate and domestic matter; and the murderer is generally very modest about his merits as an artist. In a democracy the corpse has very little time to rot. The real objection to having a skeleton in the cupboard is not that it may be found: that largely depends upon who has got the key; and kings and aristocracies commonly keep the keys of such cupboards. The danger is rather that it may not be found. The objection is that long before it can reach the comparatively elegant condition of a skeleton it has to pass through a process which will probably be put down to something being wrong with the drains. Now in more narrowly governed States, with all their real advantages, there is the real disadvantage of this sort of putrefaction, the result of privacies in public life. There are several stale mysteries left in our modern politics lately, of which we have not heard the last. And it is really dangerous in a crisis like the present to be uncertain as to whom we can entirely trust, or to face the future without fully understanding the past. In this matter the complaints of the Union of Democratic Control are wildly irrelevant and ridiculous. The spokesmen of that body apparently blame the chief representatives of the nation for acting promptly and personally in the one case where they really had to act promptly and personally, and for the one instance in which they acted as those who elected them would certainly have wished them to act. Sir Edward Grey simply had to act for England; he did act for England, and he acted right. To accuse him of "secret diplomacy" is like accusing a servant of embezzlement because he has lost a halfpenny in the fight to defend his master's purse from a quite unexpected assault in a lane. But the spokesmen of the Union of Democratic Control simply never spoke at all when political scandals were really being hushed up, and men in high places were really being whitewashed. On those occasions a little American sensationalism would have been much the most public-spirited thing we could have had. Prudence was very perilous, and recklessness would have been really wise.

THE RUSSIAN LEADER WHO TOOK 70,000 PRISONERS, AND IS SAID TO HAVE RECAPTURED LUTZK: GENERAL IVANOFF.

General Ivanoff is in chief command of the southern group of Russian armies. An official statement from Petrograd, of the 21st, said that on the south front 70,000 prisoners had recently been taken. On the 24th it was reported that Generals Ivanoff and Brusiloff had inflicted another great defeat on the Austrians, and had recaptured the town of Lutzk.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The matter is worth a word, because the war (which is many other things, of course, also) is certainly the dividing of the ways between democracy and its immediately older alternatives. I say "immediately older" because, taking history as a whole, democracy is about the oldest thing there is. But immediately before the French Revolution another conception was in full strength; and of that other conception the German was then, and is now, the principal champion. To say that Germanism means an attack on democracy is not itself an attack on Germanism. Rather it is a defence of it. Unless Germanism means that, it means nothing at all—except a curious combination of devilry and dullness. But it does mean that. The core of all this business is a quarrel of France and Germany; and the meaning of that quarrel, during the last two centuries, is roughly something like this.

France said: "Look at this poor man, living in the town of Paris. You say he is a fellow with wooden shoes and an equally wooden head, which he only makes more idiotic by sticking a red cap on it. I say the feet in those wooden shoes shall out-march all your Blücher boots. I say those wooden shoes shall be set upon the necks of kings. But I say more than this. I say that the wooden head and the red cap shall rise higher than all your barbaric crowns of silver and gold and iron. I say this man has the intellectual energy to govern; and, what is often quite as essential, the intellectual energy to be governed. I say he *does* understand the meaning of the State, and can both assert himself in defence of it and efface himself in deference to it. I say that he can rule himself, and that he can rule you." This is what France said, and this she has justified. The fact remains after any quite reasonable recriminations about the crimes she committed in order to get it, or the advantages she may have lost by getting it. Democracy exists, and it is not an anarchy. France exists; it is, in the main, managed as ordinary Frenchmen like it managed, and it is not an unpleasant place. It can drill itself in hours of danger; and in those hours, if anything, it drills itself a little too much. The Terror was not Robespierre; it was France. The Grand Army was not Bonaparte; it was France. There are in France to-day no leaders in the Carlylean sense. There is implacable, impersonal Gaul.

Now, to all this the Germanies made, in substance, the following quite interesting and arguable reply. They said: "You say our gold and iron crowns are barbaric and antiquated. We say that under those crowns, without depriving them of one jewel of their privilege or terror, we will make a people as happy and well educated as yours. Look at this poor man, living in the town of Frankfurt. We think it quite ridiculous that he should rule, or even have a vote. If he must, he shall have a quite ridiculous vote, under the Prussian Electoral Law, worth a twentieth part of the rich man's next door. But he shall have a cheap opera with the best music in the world, and a pot of beer, and a little toy tram to take him into the woods, and a free permit to prove the moon is made of green cheese in as many boshy books of philosophy as he likes. In other words, you have proved that the new equality can be as disciplined and authoritative as the old inequality. But *we* will prove that the old inequality can be as cultured and contented as the new equality; and so beat you after all."

That is how the quarrel really stands. I am myself altogether on the French side of the quarrel, which is, I think (when properly understood), not only that of dignity, but of humility. Some day, perhaps, I may expand the matter further: of that I will only say that the key seems to me to lie in the substitution for our too fashionable word "efficiency" of the more practical word "adequacy." The highly tenable German theory leads, both in theory and practice, to the ancient institution of slavery. The other is that the case for inequality, or aristocracy, though quite intelligible in itself, seems to me to have a habit of failing at its own test. What I mean might be expressed in a great many ways. Perhaps as good a way as any is to express a doubt as to whether Dr. Dumba has really eclipsed Mr. Wilson in the matter of behaving like a gentleman.

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TAKING DOWN THE IKON: THE SADDEST TASK OF RUSSIAN REFUGEES.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS.

THE LAST OBJECT TO BE REMOVED FROM THE OLD HOME: THE SACRED IKON TAKEN DOWN FROM ITS PLACE ON THE WALL WHEN A FAMILY OF POLISH PEASANTS FLEE BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY.

Our artist has here illustrated what he describes in a note that accompanies his sketch as "An incident in the well-ordered retirement from Poland: Taking down the Ikon. The Russians [he adds] are very religious, and feel taking this down more than anything. Many of the people bury their goods, knowing they will get them again in a short time." The drawing represents a family of Russian peasants in Poland preparing to quit their home at the approach of the enemy. The old woman on the right is crying while her daughter takes down the sacred image from its position of honour in the highest place on the wall, and a little girl tries to comfort her. Behind the old woman is a typical Russian stove. Through the window may be seen an old man loading a cart with the family's portable belongings. The number of fugitives from invaded Russian territory is now enormous. A recent appeal to the Lord Mayor of London on their behalf from the Great Britain to Poland-Galicia Fund and the British colony at Moscow spoke of "the unexampled flight of the population from the theatre of war and the inundation of Central Russia by six million refugees."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

HOW THE BRAIN OF AN ARMY ACTS UPON

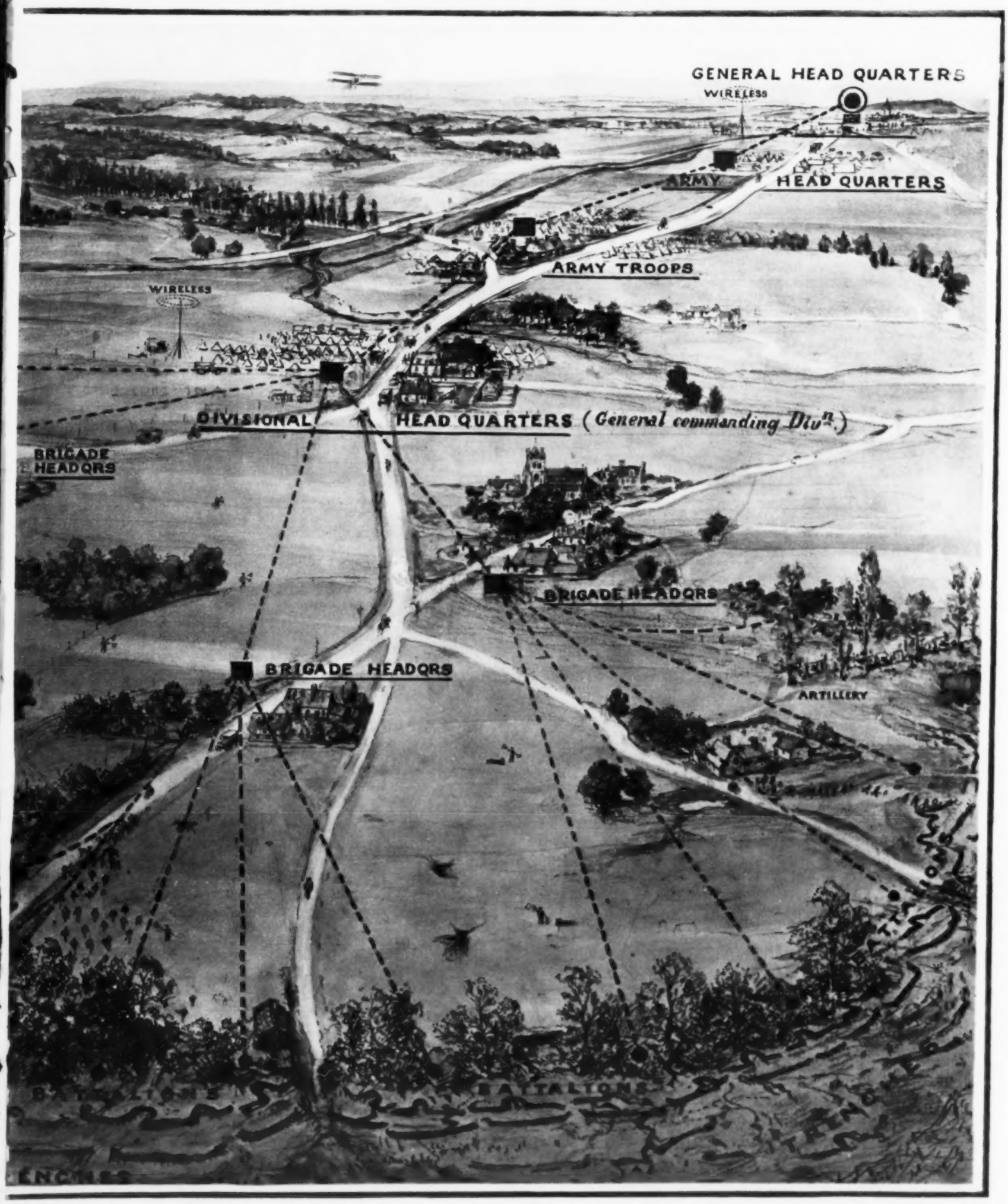
Drawn b

FROM THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS TO THE SOLDIER FIGHTING IN THE TRENCHES TO DIVISIONS, BRIGADES, BATTALIONS, AN

Here is seen at a glance the working method of Army leadersh.p, by which the brain of an army transmits instructions and directs. The primary nerve-centre is the Army Signal Headquarter Office. Here are concentrated—like the central point in a spider's web—the means by which messages arrive from all parts of the war area, near or far: by wireless, by ordinary telegraph and telephone lines, by orderlies and despatch-riders on horseback or on motor-cycles. Close by, in, so to speak, another cell of the army brain, is located the Intelligence Section of the General Staff. There the information received by the Signal Office is sifted out, collated, and analysed, and then carefully recorded on large-scale maps for the use of a third office-section, the Operations Department of the General Staff. This is the executive branch at Army Headquarters which, under the direction of the Commander-

ITS BODY: THE NERVES OF LEADERSHIP.

A. Forestier.



THE RADIATING LINES OF COMMUNICATION BY MEANS OF WHICH ORDERS ARE TRANSMITTED COMPANY UNITS FRONTING THE ENEMY.

in-Chief himself, through the medium of the Chief of the General Staff, formulates battle-plans and tactical schemes, works out the arrangements, and issues the necessary executive directions. How the brain is linked with every part of the army organisation and communicates the executive directions all over the command in ever-widening radii of communications, our illustration makes plain. From the Chief of the Staff's office the orders pass to the headquarters of each army commander, who transmits them in more elaborate detail to the Divisional headquarters and to the Brigadiers. So in ever-expanding radii their own orders reach the battalions in the trench-lines. The battalion commanders, in turn, issue orders to the company commanders, and, finally, the individual soldier receives the orders which represent his allotted part of the Commander-in-Chief's plan.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

"THE MORE SHELL THE SURER THE VICTORY AND THE

Drawn by

THE BRITISH MINISTER FOR MUNITIONS IN HIS OFFICE: MR. LLOYD

When it was announced that there was to be established in this country a Ministry of Munitions of War, the move was hailed with much satisfaction, and that satisfaction was increased when Mr. Lloyd George was appointed to the Ministry in question, for he, above all other politicians, is a believer in getting on with the war, whether the progress hurts certain people's susceptibilities or not. Since the formation of the department he has been exceedingly active. He has made numerous very important speeches on the subject, and, what is much more, has seen to it that our output of munitions of war has increased to an unparalleled extent. Among his pronouncements will be remembered: "Everybody must do what he can, and there are two reasons for that. The first is that we want to produce as much shell as we can possibly get, because the more shell the surer the victory and the speedier the victory. We want to turn out so much that when the hour arrives we will just crash our way through to victory." Again: "What I want to impress both on the House and the

SPEEDIER THE VICTORY": THE MINISTER FOR MUNITIONS.

S. Begg.

GEORGE AT WORK—A DRAWING MADE BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

country is that the duration of the war, the toll of life and limb levied by the war, the amount of exhaustion caused by the war, economic and financial, depend on the supply of munitions which the rival countries can produce to equip their armies in the field. That is the cardinal fact of the situation." And again: "The war has resolved itself into a conflict between the mechanics of Germany and Austria on the one hand, and the mechanics of Great Britain and France on the other. . . . This is a war of material. Inadequate material means defeat; sufficient material means victory." The truth of Mr. Lloyd George's assertions is obvious, and never was it better proved than by the great British and French advances reported on September 26; for these very important moves forward were made after the enemy positions all along the line had been shelled very heavily for a considerable period. Without such action, it need hardly be said, the much-desired progress could not have been accomplished.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

"THE WHITE COMRADE."

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

AFTER THE PICTURE BY G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.I.

I.

When soldiers of the Cross waged Holy War,
With courage high, and hearts that did not quail
Before the foe, in olden times they saw
The blessed vision of the Holy Grail.
Tho' Christ was gone, His pledge was with them yet,
For, borne on wings of angels, from the skies,
They saw the chalice that once held the wine
As emblem of the Saviour's sacrifice
For men, and knew that still the Master met,
With His own friends, in fellowship divine.

II.

Christ has His soldiers now. Though years have rolled
Away, the warriors of the Cross are strong
To fight His battles, as the saints of old,
Against oppression, tyranny, and wrong.
And still amid the conflict, they can trace
The Saviour's influence. Not the Holy Grail
Which once as His remembrance was adored,
But Christ Himself is with them. For a veil
Is lifted from their eyes, and, face to face
They meet the presence of the risen Lord.

III.

O blessed vision! After all the years,
Christ's with us yet. To-day, as heretofore,
Men see Thee still and they cast off their fears,
And take fresh courage to press on once more.
The soldiers, bearing from the desperate fight
A wounded brother, see Thee, in the way,
And know Thee for the Saviour, Healer, Friend.
For once again, Thy loved ones hear Thee say,
(O Christ! White Comrade, in their stand for right!)
"Lo, I am with you alway, to the end."

FIDEI DEFENSOR. 1915.

Shown at the War Exhibition at Prince's Skating-Rink, Knightsbridge; Reproduced by Permission of Messrs. F. R. Britton and Co., the Publishers of the Picture.
For Particulars of Prints in Photogravure and in Colour, see Page 418.

ELECTRICITY AS FRONTIER GUARD: DEATH-DEALING WIRE FENCES.

Photographs by V.F.B. and C.N.

HIGHLY ELECTRIFIED WIRE FENCING BARRING THE BELGO-DUTCH FRONTIER: A MAN WHO SOUGHT TO PASS THROUGH THE WIRES ELECTROCUTED.

ABOUT TO EXAMINE A VICTIM OF THE WIRES: USING AN INSULATED HOOK TO MOVE THE BODY OF A CAT ELECTROCUTED BY THE FENCE.

"WARNING: HIGH TENSION. DANGEROUS TO LIFE": A NOTICE, NEAR SLUIS HARBOUR, ON THE ELECTRIFIED WIRES CLOSING THE BELGO-DUTCH FRONTIER.

The photographs here given illustrate the way in which the Germans have closed the Belgo-Dutch frontier by means of highly electrified wire fences. The first shows how a man who tried to pass through the innocent-looking wire fell a victim to the high-tension current of electricity with which it was charged. To the straight-cut posts in the photograph may be seen attached the small earthenware reels supporting the electrified wires. The wires fixed to the rougher posts in the foreground are harmless, save for their barbs. In the second photograph a man is seen removing the body of a cat (which was electrocuted on touching the wires) by means of a hooked stick, which is divided in its length by a porcelain, or earthenware, insulator preventing the electric current from reaching the user. It is necessary, of course, that the electrified wires should rest upon porcelain insulators attached to the supporting posts; otherwise the current would not complete its circuit, and the desired effect be unattained.

HEAVY SHELL-FIRE: TRENCHES BEFORE AND AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

STILL INTACT: A SECTION OF TRENCHES, SUCH AS THAT SHOWN BELOW, AS IT WOULD APPEAR BEFORE BEING HIT BY HEAVY SHELLS.

ARTILLERY WORK THAT MUST PRECEDE ANY GREAT INFANTRY ADVANCE IN TRENCH-WARFARE: A TRENCH DEMOLISHED BY HEAVY SHELL-FIRE.

It will be recalled that the recent victorious advance by British and French troops, who broke through the German line at various points, was preceded by a prolonged and heavy bombardment, which was kept up for a month. Immediately before an advance of infantry, the enemy's trenches are subjected for a certain time—say, for an hour; sometimes much more; sometimes less—to a more concentrated and terrific artillery fire, in order to demolish trench-parapets, wire entanglements, and other defences. What havoc may be caused in a line of trenches by the bursting of high-explosive shells of large calibre is strikingly shown in the lower photograph on this page. Such an explosion, it will be seen, is earthquake-like in its effects, leaving nothing but a shapeless mass of soil and rubble where was formerly a well-constructed trench, with parapet and dug-out shelters, such as are shown in the upper photograph. The contrast serves to point the oft-repeated moral that this war is a conflict of munitions.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY

THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.

THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLES & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.

BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS, IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GUILLEMOTS AND SUBMARINE WARFARE.

ALTHOUGH I have seen no record of the fact, I have good reason to believe that a ship laden with a cargo of lubricating oil was torpedoed off a certain place early in June. For a silent but painful piece of evidence to this effect has now come to hand in the shape of records of a quite phenomenal mortality among those most delightful ornaments of our coasts, the guillemots, razor-bills, and puffins, and those most beautiful and useful birds, the eider-ducks.

In June a dweller in that certain place noticed a few guillemots sitting on the rocks at the water's edge; they were in a very dirty condition, stained a dark brown, and practically helpless. They could neither fly nor swim properly. Their condition was quite inexplicable. But a few days later a clue to the mystery came to hand in the form of great sheets of oil; all the creeks near by were full of it. The guillemots for the next week or two presented a pitiful sight, sitting anywhere they could get out of the reach of the sea in dozens; some of them had an awful struggle to get out. Large numbers died, and with them perished also razor-bills, puffins, and eiders.

Yet later, a lady heard rumours of the strange appearance of quantities of oil on the beach, and on investigation found the whole shore defiled and the rocks thickly covered with oil. She describes it as resembling thick chocolate sauce. It lay six or seven inches deep in the crevices. She next noticed large numbers of dead birds strewn along the shore. Later in the day she found all along the rocks crowds of little erect figures brown "from top to toe," simply caked in oil. Some were trying to dry themselves, with outstretched wings, but for the most part they stood perfectly still and dazed. Some allowed themselves to be caught, and these were found to be so thickly invested by this abominable mess that the feathers were hopelessly matted together. Eiders were also found here, some of them nestlings, and in a like helpless state. One which was caught and tenderly borne to a clean pool and there left, in the hope that it might succeed in cleaning itself, was found dead next day on the spot where it was left. A week afterwards, other ladies well known for their splendid ornithological work, found hundreds of dead guillemots, and lesser numbers of razor-bills and puffins, as well as several adult eider and one "fluffy duckling." Two of the bodies were sent for a *post-mortem* examination. It was found that they had perished from starvation, the oil having so clogged the plumage that they were unable either to fly to cleaner water or to dive for their food, the only means of capturing prey possible to them. Hundreds more were found in the same pitiable condition.

SEA-BIRDS AFFECTED BY WAR: GUILLEMOTS—MANY OF WHOSE SPECIES WERE KILLED BY OIL FROM A TORPEDOED SHIP.

Photograph by Kirk.

It is possible that these birds were also suffering from having swallowed large quantities of this oil in their endeavours to assuage their thirst, for they drink only salt water. Animals living inland would, of course, be inevitably killed by such drink, but with marine animals this is not so—they have acquired immunity from the maddening effect of the injection of salt. This is shown by the fact that young guillemots captured and sent to zoological gardens fail at once unless given salt water.

The effect of this disaster will probably be seen in a diminished number of these birds in the stricken area for some time to come. It is a wonder, indeed, that they are as numerous as they are, having regard to the fact that they have so many natural enemies, the most formidable of which are gulls. But, besides these, man works havoc among them. Thousands are caught annually in salmon-nets as they pursue their prey under water. The wretched birds run their heads into the meshes of the nets and are drowned. Off Stonehaven some years ago the destruction was so appalling from this cause that a naturalist friend of mine intervened and stopped the netting in this area during the breeding season. But in Donegal the same dreadful massacre of the innocents still goes on. Besides this, a heavy death-roll results annually from storms which drive the fish downwards out of reach of the hungry birds, which then speedily succumb from weakness and the buffeting of the waves. For the guillemots, razor-bills, and puffins are condemned by Nature to spend the whole winter afloat. After the birds leave the cliffs with their young at the end of the breeding season, not one touches land again till the following March, when for a few days they return to inspect their breeding quarters, then leave once more for the open sea, to return presently for the serious business of rearing a family—albeit of one, for these birds lay but a single egg. This inundation is likely to have a far more wide-reaching effect than would seem apparent at first sight. For innumerable hosts of creatures, such as sand-hoppers, limpets, and other shell-fish, shore-crabs, lug-worms, and other animal life on which hosts of shore birds live—such, for example, as ringed-plover and dunlin—must have been destroyed by this invasion of oil. So far, the only birds which have derived any benefit from this untoward event are the gulls, which, being scavengers, are having the time of their lives. But they too will suffer next year by the diminished number of victims on which they batten during the breeding season.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

A SPECIES THAT HAS SUFFERED FROM GERMAN SUBMARINES: PUFFINS—AKIN TO THOSE THAT PERISHED THROUGH THE SINKING OF AN OIL-CARGO SHIP.

Photograph by Kirk.

AKIN TO THOSE DEPRIVED OF THEIR POWERS OF FLIGHT AND DIVING BY OIL FROM A TORPEDOED SHIP: GUILLEMOTS, WITH EGGS AND YOUNG.

Photograph by Kirk.

"THE MARK OF THE DARDANELLES": WHERE DEAD AND WOUNDED REST.

OFF "ANZAC" COVE: THE ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS ALONGSIDE A HOSPITAL-SHIP.

REST AFTER TOIL AND PERIL: WOUNDED ON THE DECK OF A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL-CARRIER SHIP.

"SOME OF THEM WE SHALL NEVER SEE AGAIN": A CEMETERY FOR AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS KILLED IN GALLIPOLI—WITH GABA TEPE IN THE DISTANCE.

In his recently published despatch, Sir Ian Hamilton said: "The Royal Army Medical Service have had to face unusual and very trying conditions. There are no roads, and the wounded who are unable to walk must be carried from the firing-line to the shore. They and their attendants may be shelled on their way to the beaches, at the beaches, on the jetties, and again, though, I believe, by inadvertence, on their way out in lighters to the hospital-ships. Under shell-fire it is not so easy as some of the critically disposed seem to imagine to keep all arrangements in apple-pie order. Here I can only express my own opinion that efficiency, method, and even a certain quiet heroism have characterised the evacuation of the many thousands of our wounded. . . . Finally, if my despatch is in any way to reflect the feelings of the force, I must refer to the shadow cast over the whole of our adventure by the loss of so many of our gallant and true-hearted comrades. Some of them we shall never see again; some have had the mark of the Dardanelles set upon them for life; but others—and, thank God, by far the greater proportion—will be back in due course at the front."

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA: PHOTOGRAPHS

EVIDENCE OF THE PRICE THAT TURKEY IS PAYING FOR GERMANY'S FRIENDSHIP: A TURKISH CEMETERY IN GULLY RAVINE, CAPTURED RECENTLY.

SHOWING SIGNS OF HASTY FLIGHT: AN ABANDONED TURKISH TRENCH, WITH EQUIPMENT LEFT BEHIND.

A DISTANT VIEW OF ONE OF THE ACHI BABA—SEEN

TROOPS FROM INDIA WHO HAVE FOUGHT BRAVELY AT THE DARDANELLES: GURKHAS IN THEIR FIRE-TRENCHES.

THE SCENE OF A BRILLIANT EXPLOIT BY THE GURKHAS AND NAMED AFTER ITS CAPTORS: "GURKHA BLUFF."

NEAR THE FRENCH CAMP IN GALLIPOLI: A PICTURESQUE CLUMP OF TREES.

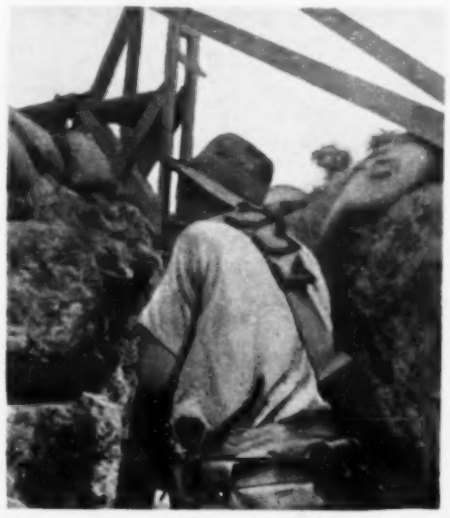
OUR "NAKED" ARMY IN GALLIPOLI: A SOLDIER WITH ONLY HIS IDENTITY-DISC ON HIS BACK.

A VIEW FROM THE HEADQUARTERS CAMP OF THE R.N.D.

In the light of the vivid despatch from Sir Ian Hamilton which was published recently, as well as later indications of events at the Dardanelles, these photographs illustrating the campaign there are just now of particular interest. Especially so is that taken at Quinn's Post, a much-contested point in the "Anzac" position frequently mentioned in the despatch, and that showing the grave of Major Quinn, the gallant Australian officer who gave his name to it. "Around Quinn's Post," writes Sir Ian Hamilton, "both above and below ground, the contest has been particularly severe. This section of the line is situated on the circumference of the 'Anzac' semi-circle at the furthest point from its diameter. Here our fire-trenches are mere ledges on the brink of a sheer precipice falling 200 feet into the valley below. The enemy's trenches are only a few feet distant. . . . On May 29, a mine was sprung in or near the centre of Quinn's Post. The explosion was followed by a very heavy bomb-attack . . . letting in a storming party of Turks. . . . At 5.30 a.m. our

THAT ILLUSTRATE SIR IAN HAMILTON'S GREAT DESPATCH.

NATURAL STRONGHOLDS OF GALLIPOLI: BETWEEN TWO TREES.



WHERE THE TRENCHES ARE CLOSE AND FRINGE A PRECIPICE: A PERISCOPE-RIFLE AT QUINN'S POST.

WHERE A GALLANT AUSTRALIAN OFFICER LIES BURIED: THE GRAVE OF MAJOR QUINN (IN FOREGROUND) WHOSE HEROISM GAVE THE NAME TO "QUINN'S POST."

NAMED AFTER COLONEL BRUCE (SEEN FOURTH FROM LEFT, LIGHTING HIS PIPE, OUTSIDE THE GURKHA OFFICERS' MESS): "BRUCE'S RAVINE."

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE GURKHA FIRING-LINE: SOME OF THE HARDY HILLMEN IN THEIR TRENCHES.

A CHARACTERISTIC LANDSCAPE IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

ON SENTRY-GO IN SOUTHERN GALLIPOLI: A SCENE LIKE AN ENGLISH LANE.

TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES: A TYPICAL STONY ROAD OVER WHICH GUNS HAVE TO BE DRAWN.

counter-attack was launched, and by 6 a.m. the position had been retaken with the bayonet by the 15th Australian Infantry Battalion, led by Major Quinn, who was, unfortunately, killed." Much subsequent fighting has taken place there. The history of Gurkha Bluff and the exploit that gave it that name is also told by Sir Ian Hamilton. Covered by artillery-fire and the guns of two cruisers, H.M.S. "Dublin" and "Talbot," on the evening of May 12 "a double company of the 1-6th Gurkhas once more crept along the shore and assembled below the bluff. Then, the attention of the Turks being taken up with the bombardment, they swiftly scaled the cliffs and carried the work with a rush. The machine-gun section of the Gurkhas was hurried forward, and at 4.30 a.m. a second double company was pushed up to join the first." Two other double companies afterwards moved up in support, and completed "the escalade of Gurkha Bluff."

BALKAN MOBILISATIONS: GREEK AND BULGARIAN RULERS AND TROOPS.

Photographs by Stanley, Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, Voigt, and Chusseau-Flaviens.

MOBILISED BY WAY OF ARMED NEUTRALITY: BULGARIAN LINESMEN WITH THEIR MACHINE-GUN SECTIONS.

MOBILISED BY WAY OF ARMED NEUTRALITY: A BULGARIAN INFANTRY BATTALION HALTED FOR A REST.

THE ROYAL BULGARIAN SPHINX: KING FERDINAND.

IN ACTION (DURING A FORMER WAR): BULGARIAN ARTILLERY

CONSORT OF THE BULGARIAN KING: QUEEN ELEONORA

ONE WITH STRANGE PUTTEES: TYPES OF BULGARIAN ARTILLERYMEN.

A SISTER OF THE KAISER THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

IN ACCORD WITH M. VENEZELOS: THE KING OF GREECE.

OF AN ARMY RECENTLY MOBILISED: TYPICAL GREEK CAVALRYMEN.

OF AN ARMY WHICH WAS RECENTLY MOBILISED: GREEK INFANTRYMEN INSPECTED BY A FRENCH OFFICER.

OF AN ARMY WHICH WAS RECENTLY MOBILISED: A GROUP OF GREEK ARTILLERYMEN AND THEIR GUN.

It was stated on September 23 that the Bulgarian forces had been mobilised, with a view to the maintenance of armed neutrality. Of the four Divisions said to be concerned, three, it was reported, are those on Bulgaria's western border, fronting Serbia and Greece. It was also stated that, in addition, a Macedonian contingent of 50,000 had already been called to the colours for a period of training. A Reuter message of later date said that the Bulgarian forces mobilised consisted of twenty-eight classes, including all the reserves, and recruits due to serve this year and next. All Bulgarians from their twentieth to their forty-sixth year are liable to military service. The total number of men that can be mobilised has been estimated at about 400,000, of whom 300,000 would probably form the field force. The artillery use quick-firing guns of French pattern. The Bulgarian mobilisation was followed shortly afterwards by that of Greece. News from Athens published on September 25 said that King Constantine had signed a Decree calling up twenty classes of the Reserve, of which four classes were already with the colours. The Greek Press issued a statement that the King and the Premier, M. Venezelos, were in perfect agreement. The fighting strength of the Greek Army at present available is put at about 350,000 men. The field artillery are armed mainly with Schneider-Canet 7·5 c. quick-firing guns; the infantry with the Mannlicher-Schonauer rifle. Liability to service in Greece begins at 21 and continues for 36 years.

"Not once or twice in our fair Island story, the path of Duty was the way to Glory."—*Tennyson.*

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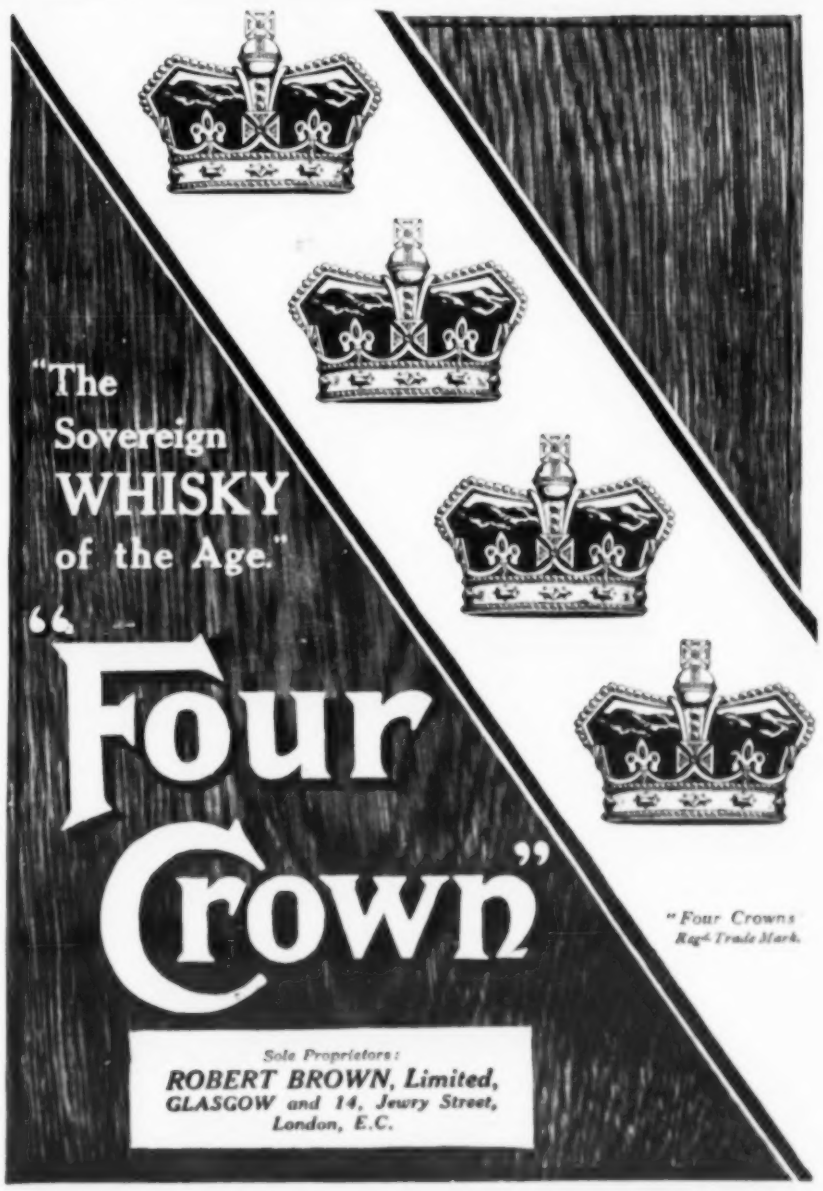

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Sport and General, Russell, Bassano, and Langfier.

CAPTAIN G. FORTESCUE, RIFLE BRIGADE.

CAPT. W. H. CHAPMAN, YORKSHIRE REGT.

MAJOR A. W. YOUNG, SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

MAJOR H. P. J. COWELL, ROY. FIELD ARTILLERY.

CAPTAIN T. P. BLACK, SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

CAPT. G. G. DUGGAN, ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.

CAPTAIN R. LUPTON, W. YORKSHIRE REGT.

FL. SUB-LT. M. KEITH-JOHNSTON, R.N., R.F.C.

FL. LT. D. KEITH-JOHNSTON, R.N., ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

FL. SUB-LT. D. A. HAY, R.N., ROY. FLYING CORPS.

CAPTAIN J. C. HOLMES, 9TH QN. VICTORIA'S RIFLES.

CAPTAIN FRANK POVAH, ROYAL SCOTS.

CAPT. E. E. HANEWINKEL, LONDON REGT.

MAJOR THE REV. HUGH SPEKE, LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

CAPT. JOHN MACDONALD, HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

CAPT. J. F. S. GRAINGER, BLACK WATCH (ATT. K.O.S.B.)

2ND LT. RAYMOND LODGE, S. LANCASHIRE REGT.

LIEUT. R. C. H. BEWES, K. LIVERPOOL RT. (ATT. R.F.C.)

2ND LIEUT. C. F. H. CALVERT, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

CAPT. P. L. BROWNE, LINCOLNSHIRE REGT.

2ND LIEUT. A. C. VERNOR MILES, WELSH REGT.

LIEUT. J. S. RICH, KING'S LIVERPOOL REGT.

LIEUT. W. E. STOCKDALE, NOTTS SHER. RANGERS.

LIEUT. B. S. LAURENCE, WESTMINSTER DRAGOONS.

LIEUT. E. L. W. LEAKE, LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

LIEUT. G. G. DOWNES, LINCOLNSHIRE REGT.

LIEUT. R. H. W. COBBOLD, RIFLE BRIGADE.

LIEUT. A. N. MILNE, MANCHESTER REGT.

LIEUT. HENRY GREENE, 92ND PUNJ. (AT. 1-6TH GKS.)

LIEUT. ARTHUR G. WILLS, SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

Capt. Grenville Fortescue was only son of the late Capt. the Hon. Arthur Fortescue, Coldstream Guards, and nephew of Earl Fortescue. Capt. Wilfrid H. Chapman was a well-known oarsman. He was in the Eton Eight in 1897-98, and in both years Eton won the Ladies' Plate at Henley; he was also in the Cambridge 'Varsity Eight in 1899, when it beat Oxford after eight years. Major Henry P. J. Cowell was son of the late Major-Gen. the Right Hon. Sir John C. Cowell, K.C.B., and Lady Cowell, of Clifton Castle, and Crakehall. He was a good sportsman and fox-hunter. Capt. T. Porteous Black was Registrar of the University College, Nottingham. Capt. George Grant Duggan was brother of Lieut. J. R. Duggan, and son of Mr. and Mrs. George Duggan, College Street, Dublin. Capt. Reginald Lupton was younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lupton, formerly Mayor and Mayoress of Bradford. Flight Sub-Lieut. Macfie Keith-Johnston and Flight Lieut. David Keith-Johnston were sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. Keith-Johnston, of Bushey Heath, Herts. Capt. Povah was the only child of Col. and Mrs. Povah, of Chelsea Court, and grandson of the late Rev. J. V. Povah, Priest-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria. Major Hugh Speke was both soldier and clergyman. He served in the South African War, and afterwards entered the Church. 2nd Lieut. Raymond Lodge was the youngest son of Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous scientist. He had a great aptitude and love for mechanical engineering. 2nd Lieut. Cecil F. Holcomb Calvert was the eldest son of Mr. Albert Frederick Calvert, of Royston, Eton Avenue, N.W. Lieut. J. S. Rich was the eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rich, of Sydney, N. S. Wales. Lieut. Robert Henry Wanklyn Cobbold was a son of the Rev. Robert R. Cobbold, of Hitcham Rectory, Ipswich. Lieut. A. G. Wills was son of the late Col. C. S. Wills.

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If there is any merit in patriotism—

If there is any merit in nationality—

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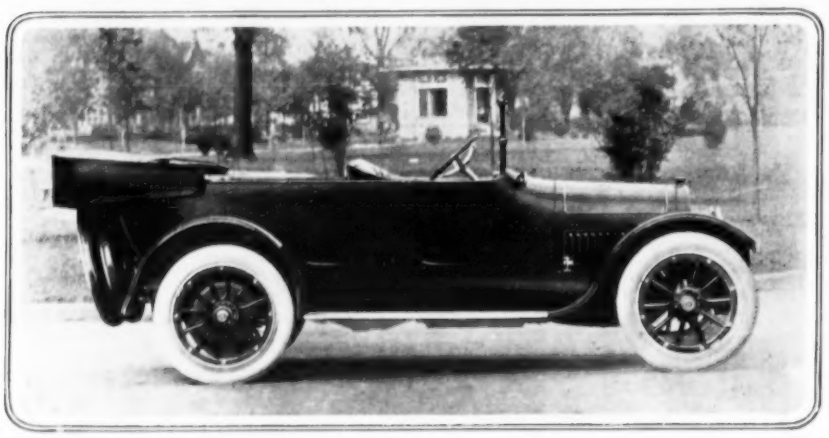
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Our Taxes. Writing these lines while the Budget is being debated in the House of Commons, it is difficult to form a definite conclusion as to how the Chancellor will deal with the various deputations with which he is threatened in regard to the sections of the motor industry affected by his proposals to add to the revenue of the country by surcharging imported cars and their parts, as well as by imposing an additional threepence per gallon duty on petrol. Motorists—buyers as well as sellers—are looked upon by the community at large as a lot of rich, luxurious pleasure-seekers. Why, goodness alone knows, as, included in the category *genus motus* are such folk as taxi-cab owners and drivers, motor-omnibus companies, together with the passengers that ride in such vehicles. Consequently, when an extra burden is placed upon this industry, it is felt, pecuniarily, by all, from the richest to the poorest inhabitant of these islands. Motorists, all of them, are sportsmen, and quite ready and willing to share, and more than share, their obligations to the State.

Taxi-Cabs. But it does seem rather severe to impose an extra threepence per gallon on petrol that the taxi-cab owner has to pay for without giving him a chance to get some of it back from his customers, as the fares cannot be altered unless the local authorities on Hackney Carriage licenses permit. The omnibus companies fix their own charges to passengers, and so they are in a position to regulate their prices according to their running costs. It is not wise to prophesy unless you know, yet, with an extra threepence per gallon added to the original three-halfpence per gallon present duty, it would not be surprising to see omnibus fares slightly increased on routes upon which there is no tramway opposition. As for the taxi-cab owners, no doubt they will agitate for a permitted increase in their charges—whether they will get it or not remains to be seen. Allowing that a taxi-cab runs twenty-four miles per gallon of petrol, if they charged an extra penny per trip, taking long and short fares on the same basis, they ought to more than recoup themselves; while their fares would not object to the odd penny, though they might cut it off the "tip."

Import Duty— British manufacturers, voiced by Mr. S. F. Edge, advocated a duty of 45 per cent. *ad valorem* on imported motor-cars and their component parts. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has said he will be content with 33 1-3 per cent., so they ought to be satisfied with this figure, which is far more than the importers ever imagined they would be asked to pay. Naturally, they are up in arms, or, at least, they are violently protesting, but it is doubtful if they will get any relief. After all that may be stated on their behalf, the revenue has got to be found, and to-day, even in war-time, the inhabitants of these islands are buying a prodigious number of pleasure motor-cars. Both the Studebaker and the Overland firm claim they are selling, and have sold during the past six months, cars at the rate of 6000 per annum. Now the actual duty at the rate of 33 1-3 per cent. of the value of the car—that is, the trade price at which the American maker charges his selling agent in Great Britain—is £46, so that, supposing these makers add another £50 to the present selling price of £200, it only makes the car cost the public £250, which is not a gigantic amount, and is the price the same firms were quite recently obtaining from the public for a less equipped vehicle. I may be wrong, but am open to correction, when I state that I believe the Overland firm in England made at least a net profit of £25 per car after allowing handsome commissions to their retail agents and paying for all their own luxurious premises and general business expenses.



WELL UP TO DATE: THE NEW 1916 CADILLAC CAR, WITH ITS NOVEL DESIGN OF BODY AND DEEPER SIDES.

The eight-cylinder Cadillac car has been so successful this year that Messrs. F. S. Bennett, Ltd., the British agents for the make, are continuing it for next year, with certain special body improvements involving increased roominess and giving deeper sides for the comfort of occupants. A new dash, hood, and radiator, with rounded corners, are distinctive features, and improve the streamline effect.

And Profits. Presuming that this firm has sold only 3000 cars here during the past twelve months, that means that the sum of £75,000 profit has gone into the pocket of the American owners of the business. As both this and the Studebaker—a rival firm—claim to be selling at double this annual output, so much greater are the profits of each concern. They can face the impost of the duty, high as it may seem, with smiling faces, and, to give them their due credit, they are doing so. It is their agents, the retailers in the provinces, who are the real growlers and squealers, because, forsooth, they do not see their way to be able to charge their customers, the public, a profit percentage on this additional £50 which the taxes add to the price of the cars. The public, too, will be wise to see they are not charged a profit on this amount also. W. W.

WITH ITS MUNITIONS BADGE "MASCOT": THE BONNET OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SUNBEAM.

Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, has had his Sunbeam motor decorated with a winged shell as a sort of mascot, which is fitted on the radiator-cap. It was specially presented to him by a manufacturer, as a mark of admiration of the way he is handling the department under his charge.

Our indefatigable King has given widespread pleasure by his visit to Yorkshire, for his Majesty takes so keen an interest in everything and everybody that the effect is far more personal than could be possible in formal visits of state. In Leeds, King George gave once more the invaluable "personal touch" to his visit, by stopping to speak to a working-man in khaki, who had been brought back from military duties to resume his skilled work on munitions. His Majesty visited the military hospital and the University, and, at the hospital, decorated Sergeant A. E. Pendle, 4th Batt. Suffolk Regiment, and Acting-Sergeant J. Hogg, 1st Batt. Royal Scots, with the Distinguished Conduct Medal, and Corporal Evan Davies, 1st Batt. Welsh Regiment, with the Cross of St. George, Fourth Class, conferred upon him by his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia.

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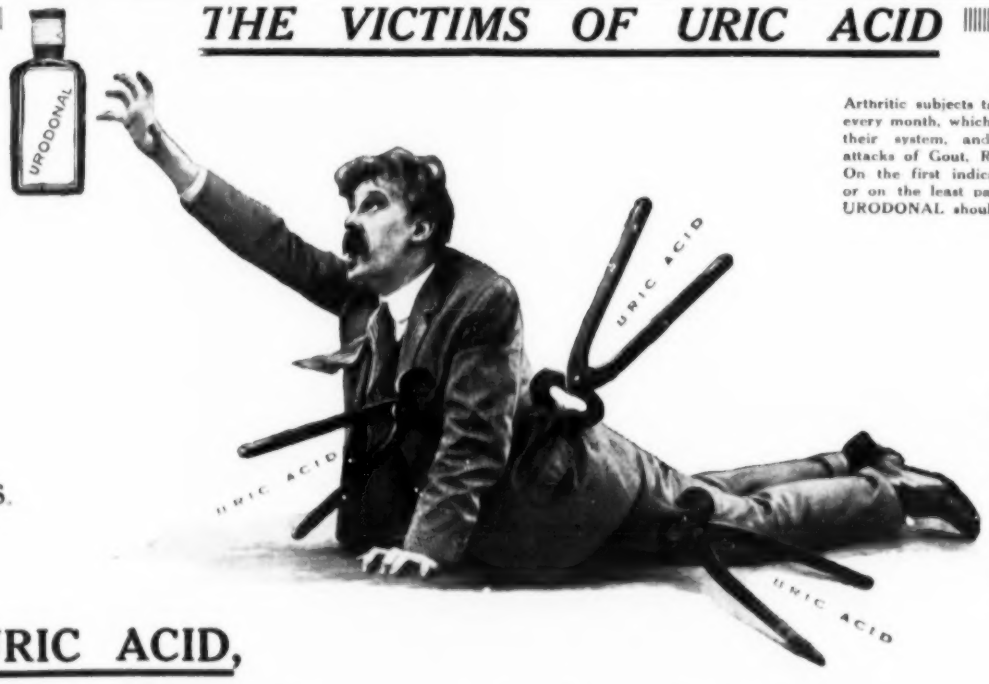

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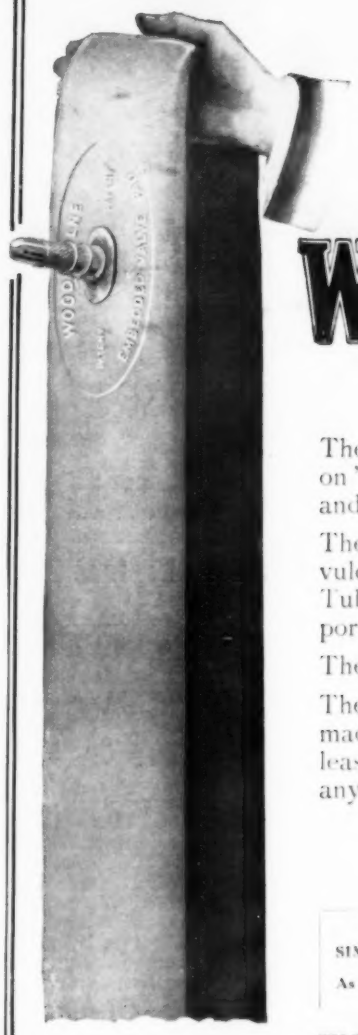

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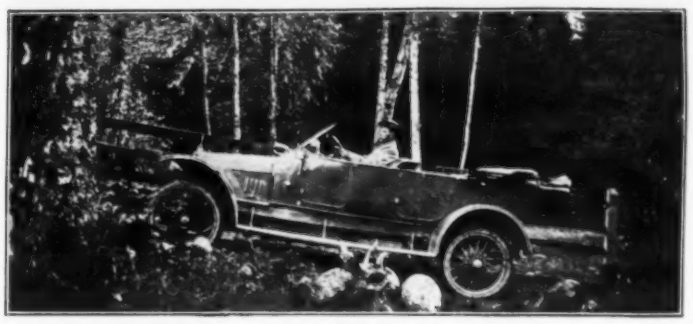

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ONLY GIRL," AT THE APOLLO.

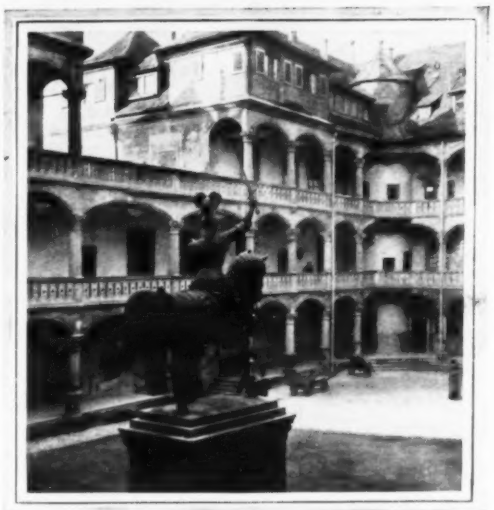
"THE Only Girl" is more of an operette than what we understand as musical comedy. It has a waltz and a love-story and that reverse side of sentiment—satire at the expense of marriage and the honeymoon; pretty music (Mr. Victor Herbert's) and a consecutive plot are advantages that must be set against less frolic and fun, less boisterous business and variety of "turns" than we get usually at the Gaiety and in the revues. The waltz is one heard by a librettist who lacks a composer and feels that it is the very thing for his play. He is one of a quartette of bachelors who have vowed themselves to celibacy, but have all, save himself, forsworn themselves and try to make him follow their example by ecstatic tales of their happiness. Scorning their overtures, he addresses a note to the neighbour below-stairs to whose waltz he has taken such a fancy, and when the musician calls on him—lo, it is a woman! Mr. Kenneth Douglas acts the author so sure of his superiority to sex-weakness, and it may be imagined with what quaintness he shows misogamy succumbing to feminine charm. Miss Fay Compton, Miss Madeline Seymour, and Miss Mabel Russell all three worked hard and gave pleasure, Miss Russell dancing with inimitable vivacity; but the feature of the performance is Miss Ethel Baird's study of an extraordinarily naïve, not to say idiotic, young wife of one of your stage-Lotharios. There is such humour in it, and the humour is so unforced, that a visit to the Apollo would be worth while if only to make Mrs. McMurray's acquaintance.

"THE DUMMY," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

It is the oddest mixture of crime-drama, broad humour, and the sentiment provoked by the situation of a kidnapped baby-child's tears, that we obtain in Harvey O'Higgins' and Harriet Ford's play, "The Dummy." Not to mention the case of the hero, a boy-detective, shamming deaf and dumb to act as spy on the criminals. But Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard probably guessed rightly when they thought this mixture would prove palatable in London as well as in the States. The detective part of the story is managed so breathlessly, especially with Mr. Ambrose Manning to set the pace; a female associate of the crooks, as represented very drolly by Miss Barbara Gott, has so many laughable things to say; the sobs and smiles of little Peggi Andrews prove so natural; and, above all, the boyish airs that Mr. Lauri de Frece lends to the Bowery boy, Barney Cooke, whose ambition to become a "'tec" is romantically gratified, are so delightfully right that it must be a very exacting playgoer who does not extract plenty of entertainment from the show and from the acting. Well-known players, such as Mr. Owen Roughwood, Mr. Julian Royce, and Mr. George Shelton, are also in the cast; and it says much for the Prince of Wales's company, which must be almost wholly English, that it rivalled any American one in the breadth of its style, and the slickness of its effects.

A KING'S HOME BOMBED BY WAY OF REPRISAL: STUTTGART, FROM THE FRIEDRICHSHÖHE.

French airmen carried out a daring and successful raid on Stuttgart on September 22, dropping thirty shells on the palace of the King of Würtemberg, and the railway station. The airmen were fired at, but safely completed their double journey of nearly three hundred miles. The aeroplanes bore the cockade with the French colours, and the raid was undertaken by way of reprisal for "the bombardment by the Germans of open towns and the civilian populations of France and England."—[*Photograph by E.N.A.*]



BOMBED BY AIRMEN: COURTYARD OF THE OLD ROYAL PALACE, STUTTGART, SHOWING THE GRAF EBERHARD MEMORIAL.

The reprisal-raid by French airmen on Stuttgart, on September 22, was successful, and the raiders returned safely from the longest flight of the kind hitherto undertaken by them—nearly three hundred miles, as compared with 230 to Ludwigshafen and back, and 240 to Friedrichshafen and back.—[*Photograph by E.N.A.*]

"BRIC-À-BRAC," AT THE PALACE.

A new revue at the Palace Theatre is always something of an event, and "Bric-à-Brac" has proved no exception to this pleasant and profitable rule. It is not only bright and breezy, but as dainty and beautiful as its title suggests. "The Toilet of Venus" scene being quite exquisite, a spectacular item presented without words, but to the accompaniment of delightful music. Messrs. Arthur Wimperis and Basil Hood, as authors, and Messrs. Lionel Monckton and Herman Finck, as composers, have achieved a genuine success, aided by a clever and charming cast, including such unfailing favourites as Miss Gertie Millar—who appears in revue for the first time, Miss Gwendoline Brogden, Miss Gina Palerme, and Miss Teddie Gerard, with such irresistible fun-makers as Mr. Arthur Playfair and Mr. Nelson Keys.

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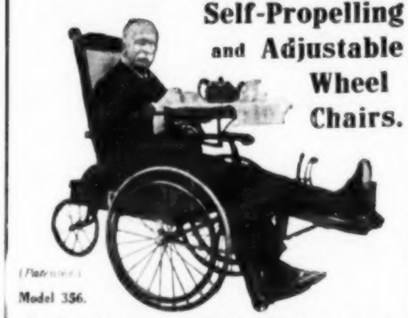

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The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream.

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For Clean Sweeping without dust use the

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A Great Factor in Food Economy.

Pure, full-cream milk enriched with all the nutritive extracts of selected malted barley and wheat in powder form. Every particle is wholesome nourishment, it keeps indefinitely, and there is absolutely *no* waste. The addition of hot or cold water instantly forms a delicious food beverage so highly nutritious and so easily digested that it advantageously replaces heavier items of diet which require more digestive effort, yet at the same time it supplies fuller nutritive value. It is therefore economical in all respects and suits all ages.

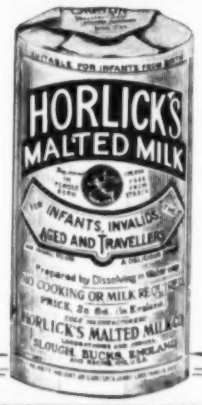
Ready in a moment by stirring briskly in hot or cold water only. No cooking required.

Also available as delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. They relieve thirst and supply sufficient nourishment to maintain strength and prevent fatigue.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

In Sterilised Glass Bottles, and keeps indefinitely. 1/6, 2/6 and 11-; the Tablets also in convenient Pocket Flasks at 6d. and 1- each.

Of all CHEMISTS and STORES.



Liberal Sample of either powder or tablets sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

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Millions Thankfully Praise Carter's Little Liver Pills

A vigorous stomach, perfect working liver and regular acting bowels belong to all who are wise enough to use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable.

Imitations are numerous—look out for them. Insist on **Carter's Little Liver Pills** if you want good health, a clear complexion and freedom from dizziness, biliousness, headache and indigestion.

Constipation
Biliousness
Sick Headache
Torpid Liver
Indigestion
Dizziness
Nervousness
Loss of Appetite
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Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature

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MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH.

have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay.

Also put up in Powder form.

Absolutely BRITISH. Why not give it a trial?

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.

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has received the unqualified endorsement of the leading papers of the world, and the finest testimonials from the world's greatest men, women, and institutions.

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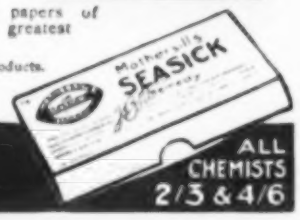

GUARANTEED TO CURE SEA OR TRAIN SICKNESS OR MONEY RETURNED

ALL CHEMISTS 2/3 & 4/6

HELP SUFFERING POLAND

BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE

GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND FUND

(THE SENIOR FUND FOR RELIEF OF THE STARVING AND HOMELESS PEOPLE OF POLAND)

War, with its iron tramp, has crushed the fair land of Poland.

AN area seven times the size of Belgium has been ravaged four times by the Germans. Millions are homeless and starving.

Old men and women have lost the roofs over their heads, and when children stretch out their thin arms crying for bread, their mothers can only answer with tears.

The spectre of hunger has cast its withering hands over the vast land between the Niemen and the Carpathians. Workmen have lost their work, for all the workshops and factories are shut. The plough is rusting for want of use, for the labourer has been robbed of tools and seed. Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

HAS POLAND THE RIGHT TO YOUR HELP?

Yes; every nation has this right in the name of humanity. But Poland has the right also in the name of her historic past. During centuries Poland was the messenger of progress, the defender of the oppressed. Wherever great disasters struck the peoples, bringing hunger and need, Polish offerings flowed thither. Let the Polish towns and villages spring to life again from their ruins! Let Polish hearts know other feelings than pain, let the voice of Poland not only speak in a sigh! Let Polish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears!

The Great Britain to Poland Fund, which the Empress Marie Féodorovna has affiliated with the Russian Red Cross, has a deputation working behind the Russian lines, and no part of the money it has collected has passed through German or Austrian hands.

Twenty Shillings will keep 20 people from starvation for a week.

Committees have been established in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

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Pleasant Reflections

are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectually.

Start to-day the regular night and morning use of Calox.

CALOX *The Oxygen Tooth Powder*

A Dainty Sample Box of Calox sent Free for a Postcard.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists and Stores at 1/1½, in non-wasting metal boxes.

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LADIES' PAGE.

THE new taxation, of course, is really terrible for people of moderate means, especially for widows with a family to bring up on a limited (so-called "unearned" income) and for single women with a small provision. The income-tax payers, upon whom so large a portion of the burden is thrown, numbered on the old scale but one-fortieth of the nation, and a large proportion of them are women. Information was asked for, a few years ago, as to the exact number of women income-tax payers, but the figures were refused by the Government. The indirect taxes, raising the cost of feeding the family, are also to a large extent calculated to specially worry and harass women in their capacity of housekeepers and mothers. However, it is of no use complaining: "The wine is poured and it must be drunk," as the French proverb says. There appears to be a very welter of waste on the part of the Government employés who are our real rulers, but we can do nothing to check it. Our possible petty personal economies must often be individually so trifling that it seems foolish to lay stress upon them; but, as a fact, even a few pennies a day mount up surprisingly in the long run, and if we all give our efforts to save even a little it is a great deal in the aggregate. The tax on Paris millinery seems rather absurd; it can bring in so small a sum, and that at such a disproportionate expense in the time and salaries of Customs officials to watch and guard against smuggling. But there must be somebody with an Ezekiel-like wrath against little female vanities ruling in these matters, as the most grotesque of many almost equally absurd suggestions in the Government pamphlet on "How to Save" is that women should economise by giving up wearing veils! Even war-time has its humours.

Rent, and rates, and coals, and food, and children's clothes, and their schooling, and dentists' and doctors' fees, and all the other items of the family budget seem already at their lowest possibility in a very large proportion of homes of people of modest means. The only thing to do is to make incessant small economies. Servants will neutralise all such attempts to the utmost of their ability. A gas-cooker, for instance, is a valuable kitchen accessory; but the maids waste the gas even in summer; and in winter, when the range must be alight to keep them warm, the use of the gas-cooker also is a real and great extravagance; yet the servants will persist in using the gas stove while a big fire roars away uselessly in the grate—and, moreover, squander the gas, keeping kettles boiling furiously when not required, and so on. In every way they rejoice in waste. If strongly reproved they leave, frequently at a moment's notice. To them economy in a mistress is what the discharged servant of "the Lady Protectress," Mrs. Cromwell, described as her characteristic: "Sordid frugality and thrifty baseness." She even proposed to exchange the kitchen fat for candles—think of it! Yet the mistress of a home can no more do without servants than her husband can do without clerks in his office. What is to be done?

A STRIKING EVENING-CLOAK.

Composed of jade-green velvet and taffeta, lavishly embroidered with gold, and trimmed with sable and gold tassels.

Meat is the most serious item of expense in housekeeping now. Attempts to diminish the quantity of meat eaten should be judicious. The most available of the necessary substitutes are cheese, and all dried grains and pulses, such as beans, lentils, peas, and oatmeal. These are cheap, but often prove indigestible, and in all cases require long cooking, with proportionate waste of fuel, to prepare them. A "tip" I have from a vegetarian friend is that pulses, like haricot beans and lentils, can be kept for three or four days after boiling soft, and used by degrees in various ways, as in soups, fritters, and stews; the large quantity will boil soft with as little fire as a small supply. A "fireless cooker" is excellent for those articles that need long, slow cooking. It is fairly easy to make and use. A wooden box, with a close-fitting lid that has a hasp to keep it down tightly, is lined with several thicknesses of newspaper round the sides and over the bottom; and then the box is filled with crumpled paper, which is arranged round a well-lidded saucepan—preferably a casserole or a brown crock—stuffed firmly, so that the pot can be taken in and out without much deranging the paper. The food, either pulses or any cheap cut of meat that wants long stewing, must begin its cooking over the fire, in the pot that will go into the fireless box; and, when it has boiled about half-an-hour, the crock or casserole is popped as fast as possible from the fire into the prepared space, a padded cushion (of house-flannel stuffed with crumpled paper) is put over the top, and the lid quickly closed. The box must be quite filled up when the cushion is over the pot or pots. The time required is at least twice as long as over a fire, but the result is astonishingly good, and, of course, the expense is nil after the food is in the box, which must not be opened for an instant till the dish is expected to be done. Haricots can be left in the fireless cooker all night, and oatmeal-porridge for breakfast also can thus be prepared excellently.

Very short skirts are being made, and are so full as to give a doll-like appearance that is not becoming to anybody who is not of the youthful, dainty, sylph-like order. The shortness is sensible and useful for winter, but excessive fullness should be avoided by most of us, in combination with a length only midway between knee and ankle. Smart boots are necessary with short skirts, and are worn high for warmth and protection as well as for appearance. A handsome boot is of Russian leather much wrinkled above the ankle. There is great variety in the tops of boots. Vamps of leather, often of the patent variety, and tops of cloth, black or coloured, are useful. Some of them are laced up with smart cords ending in tassels at the top of the boot. Chamois-leather and bucks in are used too. Flexible and even wrinkled effects are liked. Buttons as fastenings are, perhaps, more frequently seen than laces. Spats are also shown in great variety in the shops, and, if got well-fitting, they allow shoes to be worn, which many women prefer to boots. The need for great attention to the foot-gear when skirts are short is obvious, for the feet are very conspicuous, and the neatest costume is spoiled by boots at all out of shape or untidy.

FILOMENA.

WHITE FOX

FURS

For some years past there has been a marked fashion for this very attractive fur, but the price has been so high as to be almost prohibitive. This Season, however, we have been able to purchase a large parcel of exceptionally fine white Siberian fox skins at a very low price, and have made them up into Stoles and Ties.

Real White Fox Fur, as sketch, in selected full clear silky skins.

Exceptional Value,

6½ Gns.

Muff, to match,

7 Gns.

The set complete,

13 Gns.

The same shape Fur Set in fine Black Timber Wolf, closely resembling Black Fox. **Stole, 65/6; Muff, 63/-**

Set complete, **£5 19 6**

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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality for Value

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A well-known doctor:

"I find that Mellin's Food made up with fresh cow's milk is far superior to foods mixed with water only."

Sir Thomas Barlow:

(From a statement made before the President of the Local Government Board)

"Certain maladies were introduced by sterilisation. It was well known that children fed upon sterilised milk developed scurvy and rickets."

The wastage of war makes the rearing of Children a matter of paramount National urgency — new-born children must not only *live*, but must be brought to maturity strong and sound in mind and body — *for the Nation's sake.*

Where hand-feeding is necessary, *do not experiment*; give Mellin's Food—the Fresh Milk Food that for half a century has *proved* its safety and superiority in all parts of the world.

Mellin's Food is instantly adapted to the needs of any child of any age or constitution.

Mellin's Food so 'humanises' fresh cow's milk that, retaining all the vital elements which *fresh milk alone* offers, it becomes as easy of digestion, as safe and beneficial as mother's milk.

Test 'Mellin's' Free

A generous sample of Mellin's Food with a most valuable Book entitled "How to Feed the Baby," will be sent free of cost to all who promise to give it a trial.

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